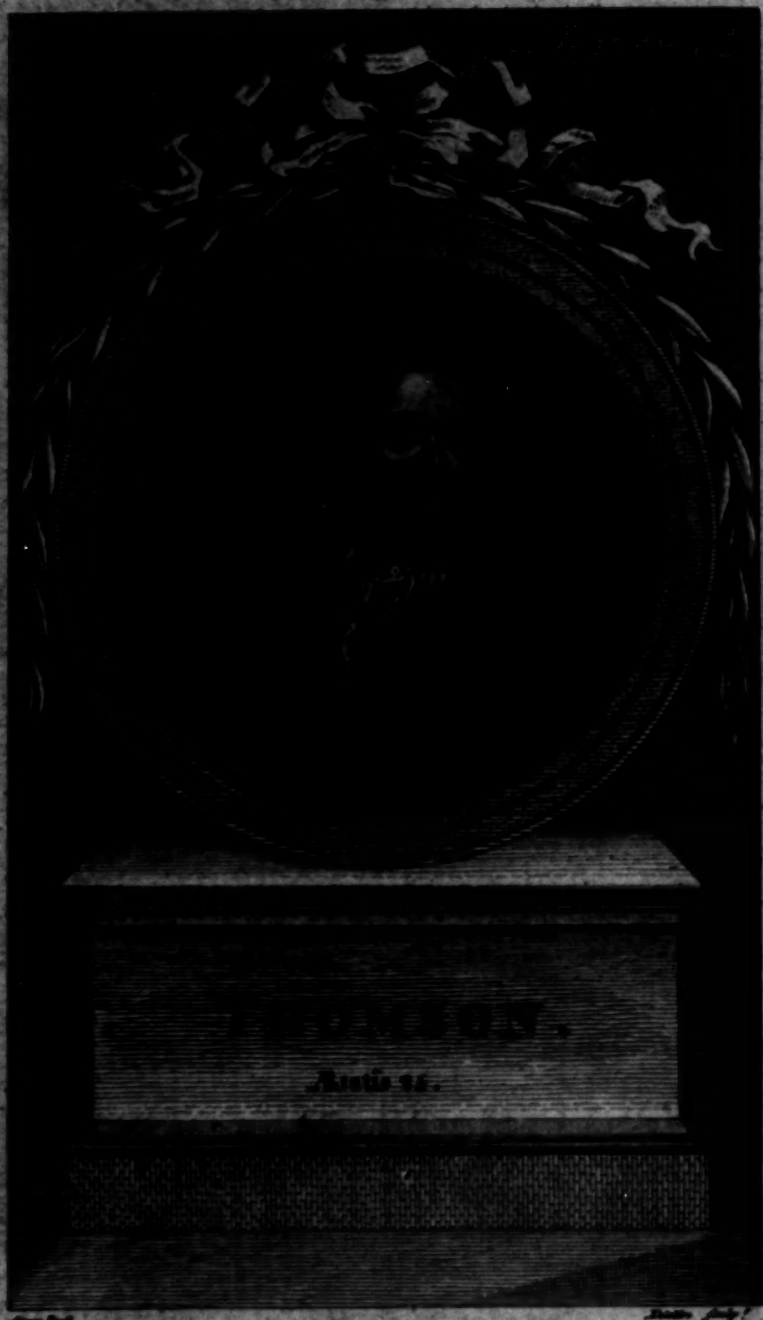
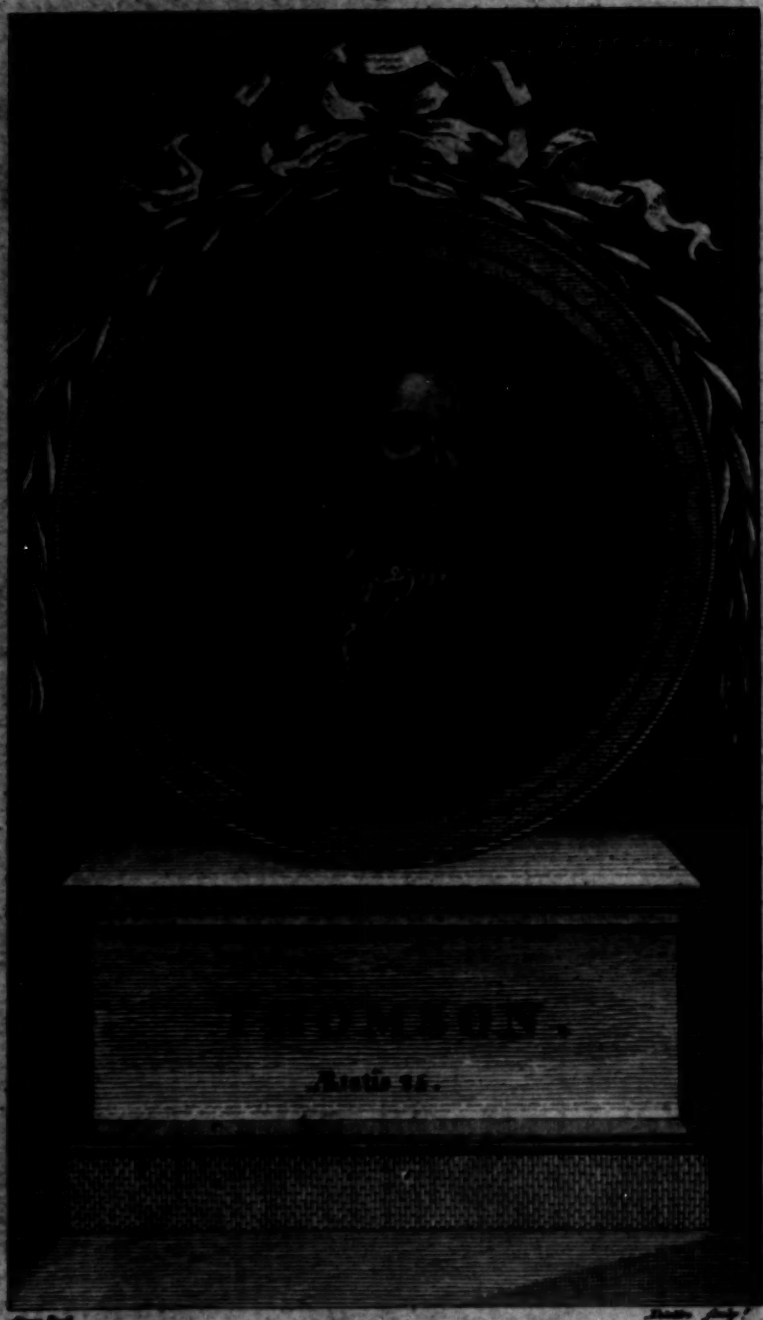






THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH
PREFACES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FORTY-EIGHTH.

L O N D O N:

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M DCC LXXIX.



THE
P O E M S
OF
T H O M S O N.
VOLUME I.



THE SEASONS.

BY THE C. 1723.

P O E M S

O F

Mr. JAMES THOMSON.

VOL. I.

B

THE SEASONS.

SPRING. 1728.

“ Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
 “ Nunc frondent sylvæ, nunc formosissimus annus.”

VIRG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject propos'd. Inscribed to the Countess of Hertford. The Season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate matter, on vegetables, on brute animals, and, last, on man; concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of love, oppos'd to that of a pure and happy kind.

COME, gentle Spring, ethereal Mildness, come,
 And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
 While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
 Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O Hertford, fitted or to shine in courts
 With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
 With innocence and meditation join'd
 In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
 Which thy own Season paints; when Nature all

Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.

10

And see where furly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts :
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale ;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

15

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets
Deform the day delightless : so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulph'd
To shake the sounding marsh ; or from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.

20

25

At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold ;
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.

Forth fly the tepid airs ; and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plough,
Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.
There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,

35

Chear'd

Chear'd by the simple song and soaring lark. 40
 Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share
 The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,
 Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

White through the neighbouring field the sower stalks,
 With measur'd step; and liberal throws the grain 45
 Into the faithful bosom of the ground:
 The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man
 Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!
 Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend! 50
 And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
 Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live
 In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
 Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:
 Such themes as these the *rural* Maro sung 55
 To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
 Of elegance and taste, by Greece refin'd.

In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd
 The kings, and awful fathers of mankind:
 And some, with whom compar'd your insect-tribes 60
 Are but the beings of a summer's day,
 Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
 Of mighty war; then, with unwearied hand,
 Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
 The plough, and greatly independent liv'd. 65

Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough;
 And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
 Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
 Luxuriant and unbounded: as the sea,

6 THOMSON'S POEMS.

Far through his azure turbulent domain, 70
 Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
 Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
 So with superior boon may your rich soil,
 Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour
 O'er every land, the naked nations clothe, 75
 And be th' exhaustless granary of a world!

Nor only through the lenient air this change,
 Delicious, breathes; the penetrative sun
 His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
 Of vegetation, sets the steaming Power 80
 At large, to wander o'er the vernal earth,
 In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay Green!
 Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!
 United light and shade! where the light dwells
 With growing strength, and ever-new delight. 85

From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
 Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
 And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
 The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
 Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees, 90
 Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
 In full luxuriance to the sighing gales;
 Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
 And the birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd
 In all the colours of the flushing year, 95
 By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
 The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
 With lavish fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
 Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,

Within

70 Within its crimson folds. Now from the town 100
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damp,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk; 105
Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend
Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
And see the country, far diffus'd around,
One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms; where the raptur'd eye 110
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale
Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe 115
Untimely frost; before whose baleful blast
The full-blown Spring through all her foliage shrinks,
Joyless and dead, a wide-dejected waste.
For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,
Myriads on myriads, insect armies waft 120
Keen in the poison'd breeze; and wasteful eat,
Through buds and bark, into the blacken'd core,
Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft
The sacred sons of vengeance; on whose course
Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year. 125
To check this plague the skilful farmer chaff,
And blazing straw, before his orchard burns;
Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
From every cranny suffocated falls:

8 THOMSON'S POEMS.

Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe:
Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest;
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,
The little trooping birds unwisely scares.

Be patient, swains; those cruel-seeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repress'd
Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with rain,
That, o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne,
In endless train, would quench the summer-blaze;
And, chearless, drown the crude unripened year.

The north-east spends his rage; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, th' effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distant.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining æther; but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour falls
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom:
Not such as wintery-storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aspin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse

Forgetful

Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all, 160
 And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
 Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploing eye
 The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
 The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
 To throw the lucid moisture trickling off; 165
 And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,
 Into the general choir. Ev'n mountains, vales,
 And forests seem, impatient, to demand
 The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks
 Amid the glad creation, musing praise, 170
 And looking lively gratitude. At last,
 The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
 And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
 Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
 In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world. 175
 The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
 By such as wander through the forest walks,
 Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
 But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends
 In universal bounty, shedding herbs, 180
 And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
 Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
 And, while the milky nutriment distils,
 Beholds the kindling country colour round.
 Thus all day long the full-distended clouds 185
 Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
 Is deep-enrich'd with vegetable life;
 Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
 Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush

Of

Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam. 190
 The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
 Th' illumin'd mountain, through the forest streams,
 Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
 Far smoaking o'er th' interminable plain,
 In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems. 195
 Moist, bright, and green, the landskip laughs around.
 Full swell the woods; their very music wakes,
 Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
 Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
 And hollow lows responsive from the vales, 200
 Whence blending all the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
 Mean time refracted from yon eastern cloud,
 Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
 Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,
 In fair proportion running from the red, 205
 To where the violet fades into the sky.
 Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
 Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism;
 And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
 The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd 210
 From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy;
 He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
 Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
 To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd
 Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly, 215
 Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
 A soften'd shade, and saturated earth
 Awaits the morning-beam, to give to light,
 Rais'd through ten thousand different plastick tubes,
 The

The balmy treasures of the former day. 220

Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
Of botanists to number up their tribes :

Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
In silent search ; or through the forest, rank 225

With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Bursts his blind way ; or climbs the mountain rock,

Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.

With such a liberal hand has Nature flung

Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds, 230

Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing mold,

The moistening current, and prolific rain.

But who their virtues can declare ? who pierce,

With vision pure, into these secret stores,

Of health, and life, and joy ? The food of man, 235

While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told

A length of golden years ; unlesh'd in blood,

A stranger to the savage arts of life,

Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease ;

The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world. 240

The first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race

Of uncorrupted man, nor blush'd to see

The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam :

For their light slumbers gently fum'd away ;

And up they rose as vigorous as the sun, 245

Or to the culture of the willing glebe,

Or to the chearful tendance of the flock.

Meantime the song went round ; and dance and sport,

Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole

Their

Their hours away; while in the rosy vale 250
 Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,
 And full replete with bliss; save the sweet pain,
 That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
 Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed,
 Was known among those happy sons of Heaven; 255
 For reason and benevolence were law.
 Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.
 Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
 And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun
 Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds 260
 Drop'd fatness down; as o'er the swelling mead,
 The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.
 This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
 The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart
 Was meek'n'd, and he join'd his sullen joy. 265
 For music held the whole in perfect peace:
 Soft sigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
 Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
 Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
 In consonance. Such were those prime of days. 270

But now those white unblemish'd manners, whence
 The fabling poets took their golden age,
 Are found no more amid these iron times,
 These dregs of life! Now the distemper'd mind
 Has lost that concord of harmonious powers, 275
 Which forms the soul of happiness; and all
 Is off the poise within: the passions all
 Have burst their bounds; and reason, half extinct,
 Or impotent, or else approving, fees

The

The foul disorder. Senseless, and deform'd, 280
 Convulsive anger storms at large; or pale,
 And silent, settles into fell revenge.
 Base envy withers at another's joy,
 And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
 Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full, 285
 Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
 Ev'n love itself is bitterness of soul,
 A pensive anguish pining at the heart;
 Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
 That noble wish, that never-cloy'd desire, 290
 Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
 To bless the dearer object of its flame.
 Hope sickens with extravagance; and grief,
 Of life impatient, into madness swells;
 Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours. 295
 These, and a thousand mixt emotions more,
 From ever-changing views of good and ill,
 Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
 With endless storm: whence, deeply rankling, grows
 The partial thought, a listless unconcern, 300
 Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;
 Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,
 Coward deceit, and ruffian violence:
 At last, extinct each social feeling, fell
 And joyless inhumanity pervades 305
 And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd
 Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.
 Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came:
 When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd

The

The central waters round, impetuous rush'd, 310
 With universal burst, into the gulph,
 And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
 Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast;
 Till, from the center to the streaming clouds,
 A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe. 315

The Seasons since have, with severer sway,
 Oppress'd a broken world: the Winter keen
 Shook forth his waste of snows; and Summer shot
 His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,
 Green'd all the year; and fruits and blossoms blush'd,
 In social sweetness, on the self-same bough.
 Pure was the temperate air; an even calm
 Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
 Breath'd o'er the blue expanse: for then nor storms
 Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage; 325
 Sound slept the waters; no sulphureous glooms
 Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth;
 While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
 Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life.
 But now, of turbid elements the sport, 330

From clear to cloudy toft, from hot to cold,
 And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,
 Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
 Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun,

And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies; 335
 Though with the pure exhilarating soul
 Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
 Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.
 For, with hot ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd man

Is now become the lion of the plain, 340
 And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
 Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
 Nor wore her warming fleece: nor has the steer,
 At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs,
 E'er plough'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
 With hunger stung and wild necessity,
 Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.
 But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
 With every kind emotion in his heart,
 And taught alone to weep; while from her lap 350
 She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
 And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain
 Or beams that gave them birth: shall he, fair form!
 Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on Heaven,
 E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd, 355
 And dip his tongue in gore? The beast of prey,
 Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed: but you, ye flocks,
 What have ye done; ye peaceful people, what,
 To merit death? you, who have given us milk
 In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat 360
 Against the winter's cold? And the plain ox,
 That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
 In what has he offended? he, whose toil,
 Patient and ever ready, clothes the land
 With all the pomp of harvest: shall he bleed, 365
 And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands,
 Ev'n of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,
 To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,
 Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart

Would

Would tenderly suggest : but 'tis enough, 370
 In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd
 Light on the numbers of the Samian sage.
 High Heaven forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
 Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state
 That must not yet to pure perfection rise. 375

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
 Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
 And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
 Descends the billowy foam : now is the time,
 While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile, 380
 To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
 The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
 Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
 And all thy slender watry stores prepare.
 But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm, 385
 Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds ;
 Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
 Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
 Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,
 Harsh pain, and horror to the tender hand. 390

When with his lively ray the potent sun
 Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,
 Then, issuing chearful, to thy sport repair ;
 Chief should the western breezes curling play,
 And light o'er æther bear the shadowy clouds. 395
 High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
 And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks ;
 The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze,
 Down to the river, in whose ample wave

Their

Their little Naiads love to sport at large. 400
 Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
 Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
 Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
 Reverted plays in undulating flow,
 There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly; 405
 And as you lead it round in artful curve,
 With eye attentive mark the springing game.
 Strait as above the surface of the flood
 They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
 Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook: 410
 Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
 And to the shelving shore, slow-dragging some,
 With various hand proportion'd to their force.
 If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
 A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod, 415
 Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
 He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
 Soft disengage, and back into the stream
 The speckled captive throw. But should you lure
 From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots 420
 Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
 Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
 Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
 And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
 The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear. 425
 At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
 Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
 With fullen plunge. At once he darts along,
 Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line:

Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage:
Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

Thus pass the temperate hours: but when the sun
Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds,
Ev'n shooting listless languor through the deeps;
Then seek the bank where flowering elders crowd,
Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the shade:
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash,
Hung o'er the steep; whence, borne on liquid wing,
The sounding culver shoots; or where the hawk,
High, in the beetling cliff, his æry builds.
There let the classic page thy fancy lead
Through rural scenes; such as the Mantuan swain
Paints in the matchless harmony of song.
Or catch thyself the landskip, gliding swift
Athwart imagination's vivid eye:
Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And lost in lonely musing, in the dream,
Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix

Ten thousand wandering images of things, 460
Soothe every gust of passion into peace;
All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

Behold yon breathing prospect bids the Muse
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint 465
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy then 470
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
Ah, what shall language do? ah, where find words
Ting'd with so many colours; and whose power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, those aromatic gales, 475
That inexhaustive flow continual round?

Yet, though successless, will the toil delight.
Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song! 480
Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself!
Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart: 485
O come! and while the rosy-footed May
Steals blushing on, together let us tread
The morning dews, and gather in their prime
Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,

And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets, 490

See where the winding vale its lavish stores,
 Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks
 The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass,
 Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,
 In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk, 495
 Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
 Of blossom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast
 A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence
 Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.
 Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot, 500
 Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
 The negligence of Nature, wide, and wild;
 Where, undisguis'd by mimic Art, she spreads
 Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.

Here their delicious task the fervent bees, 505
 In swarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
 Through the soft air, the busy nations fly,
 Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,
 Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;
 And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare 510
 The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
 And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

At length the finish'd garden to the view
 Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
 Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the hurried eye
 Distracted wanders; now the bowery walk
 Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
 Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps:
 Now meets the bending sky; the river now

Dimpling

Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake, 520
 The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
 Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.
 But why so far excursive? when at hand,
 Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers, 525
 Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;
 Throws out the snow-drop, and the crocus first;
 The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
 And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
 The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron-brown; 530
 And lavish flock that scents the garden round:
 From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
 Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
 With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
 And full ranunculas of glowing red. 535
 Then comes the tulip-race, where Beauty plays
 Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
 To family, as flies the father-dust,
 The varied colours run; and, while they break
 On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks, 540
 With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
 No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
 First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:
 Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
 Low-bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils, 545
 Of potent fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,
 As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;
 Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks;
 Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask-rose.

Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells, 550
 With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
 The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

Hail, Source of Being! Universal Soul
 Of heaven and earth! Essential Presence, hail!
 To Thee I bend the knee; to Thee my thoughts, 555
 Continual, climb; who, with a master-hand,
 Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.

By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
 Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
 Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew: 560

By Thee dispos'd into congenial soils,
 Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
 The juicy tide; a twining mass of tubes.
 At Thy command the vernal sun awakes
 The torpid sap, detruded to the root 565
 By wintery winds; that now in fluent dance,
 And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
 All this innumerable-colour'd scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world
 My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend, 570
 My panting Muse; and hark, how loud the woods
 Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
 Lend me your song, ye nightingales! oh! pour
 The mazy-running soul of melody
 Into my varied verse! while I deduce, 575
 From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
 The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme
 Unknown to fame, *the Passion of the groves.*

When first the soul of love is sent abroad,

Warm

Warm through the vital air, and on the heart 586
 Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
 In gallant thought to plume the painted wing,
 And try again the long-forgotten strain,
 At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
 The soft infusion prevalent and wide, 585
 Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
 In music unconfin'd. Up-springs the lark,
 Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn;
 Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
 Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts 590
 Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
 Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
 Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
 Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
 Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush 595
 And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
 Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
 Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns
 To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
 Elate, to make her night excel their day. 600
 The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake;
 The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove:
 Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these
 Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade 605
 Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
 And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
 Aid the full concert: while the stock-dove breathes

A melancholy murmur through the whole. 610

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love;
That ev'n to birds, and beasts, the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem
Softening the least approbance to bestow,
Their colours burnish, and, by hope inspir'd,
They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,
Retire disorder'd; then again approach;
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts;
That Nature's *great command* may be obey'd:
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring: the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others apart far in the grassy dale,

Or

Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave. 640
 But most in woodland solitudes delight,
 In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
 Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
 Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
 When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots 645
 Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
 They frame the first foundation of their domes;
 Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
 And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
 But restless hurry through the busy air, 650
 Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
 The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
 Intent. And often, from the careless back
 Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills
 Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd, 655
 Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,
 Clean, and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
 Not to be tempted from her tender task,
 Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight, 660
 Though the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows.
 Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
 High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
 The tedious time away; or else supplies
 Her place a moment, while she sudden flits 665
 To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
 With pious toil fulfil'd, the callow young,
 Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
 Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,

A help-

A helpless family, demanding food 670
 With constant clamour: O what passions then,
 What melting sentiments of kindly care,
 On the new parents seize! Away they fly
 Affectionate, and undefining bear
 The most delicious morsel to their young; 675
 Which equally distributed, again
 The search begins. Ev'n so a gentle pair,
 By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mold,
 And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
 In some lone cot amid the distant woods, 680
 Sustain'd alone by providential Heaven,
 Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
 Check their own appetites, and give them all.

Nor toil alone they scorn: exalting love,
 By the great Father of the Spring inspir'd, 685
 Gives instant courage to the *fearful* race,
 And to the *simple* art. With stealthy wing,
 Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
 Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
 And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive 690
 Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head
 Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
 Her sounding flight, and then directly on
 In long excursion skims the level lawn,
 To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence,
 O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
 The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud! to lead
 The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.

Be not the Muse asham'd, here to bemoan

Her

Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man 700
 Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
 From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.
 Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
 Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;
 Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes, 705
 Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
 O then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
 Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
 If on your bosom innocence can win,
 Music engage, or piety persuade. 710

But let not chief the nightingale lament
 Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
 To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
 Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
 Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest, 715
 By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
 Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls;
 Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping, scarce
 Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;
 Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings 720
 Her sorrows through the night; and, on the bough,
 Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
 Takes up again her lamentable strain
 Of winding woe; till, wide around, the woods
 Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound. 725

But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
 Ardent, disdain; and, weighing oft their wings,
 Demand the free possession of the sky:
 This one glad office more, and then dissolves

Parental

Parental love at once, now needless grown. 730
 Unlavish Wisdom never works in vain.
 'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
 When nought but balm is breathing through the woods,
 With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
 Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad 735
 On nature's common, far as they can see,
 Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs
 Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
 Their resolution fails; their pinions still,
 In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void 740
 Trembling refuse: till down before them fly
 The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
 Or push them off. The surging air receives
 Its plummy burden; and their self-taught wings
 Winnow the waving element. On ground 745
 Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
 Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight;
 Till, vanish'd every fear, and every power
 Rouz'd into life and action, light in air
 Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race, 750
 And once rejoicing never know them more.

High from the summit of a craggy cliff,
 Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
 On utmost * Kilda's shore, whose lonely race
 Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds, 755
 The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
 Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.

* The farthest of the western islands of Scotland.

Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
For ages, of his empire; which, in peace,
Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,
Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
In early Spring, his airy city builds,
And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well-pleas'd,
I might the various polity survey
Of the mixt household kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearless cock;
Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
The finely-checker'd duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud-threatening reddens; while the peacock spreads
His every-colour'd glory to the sun,
And swims in radiant majesty along.
O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.

While thus the gentle tenants of the shade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world

Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame,
 And fierce desire. Through all his lusty veins
 The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels. 790
 Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
 Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
 While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
 Luxuriant shoot; or through the mazy wood
 Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud. 795
 Crops, though it presses on his careless sense.
 And oft, in jealous maddening fancy wrapt,
 He seeks the fight; and, idly-butting, feigns
 His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.
 Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins: 800
 Their eyes flash fury; to the hollow'd earth,
 Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
 And, groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix:
 While the fair heifer, balmy breathing, near,
 Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
 With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve,
 Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the sounding thong;
 Blows are not felt; but, tossing high his head,
 And by the well-known joy to distant plains
 Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away: 810
 O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies:
 And, neighing, on th' ærial summit takes
 Th' exciting gale; then, steep-descending, cleaves
 The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
 Ev'n where the madness of the straiten'd stream 815
 Turns in black eddies round; such is the force
 With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.

Nor

Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep:
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd,
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
The cruel raptures of the savage kind:
How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
I sing, enraptur'd, to the British Fair,
Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,
Of various cadence; and his sportive lambs,
This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee,
Their frolicks play. And now the sprightly race
Invites them forth; when swift, the signal given,
They start away, and sweep the massy mound
That runs around the hill; the rampart once
Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
When disunited Britain ever bled,
Lost in eternal broil: ere yet she grew
To this deep-laid indissoluble state,
Where Wealth and Commerce lift their golden heads;
And o'er our labours, Liberty and Law,
Impartial, watch; the wonder of a world!
What is this *mighty Breath*, ye sages, say,
That, in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
Instructs

Instructs the fowls of heaven ; and through their breast
 These arts of love diffuses ? What, but God ?
 Inspiring God ! who boundless Spirit all,
 And unremitting Energy, pervades,
 Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
 He ceaseless works *alone* ; and yet *alone*
 Seems not to work : with such perfection fram'd
 Is this complex stupendous scheme of things.
 But, though conceal'd, to every purer eye
 Th' informing Author in his works appears :
 Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,
 The Smiling God is seen ; while water, earth,
 And air, attest his bounty ; which exalts
 The brute creation to this finer thought,
 And annual melts their undesigning hearts
 Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

Still let my song a nobler note assume,
 And sing th' infusive force of Spring on Man ;
 When heaven and earth, as if contending, vye
 To raise his being, and serene his soul.
 Can he forbear to join the general smile
 Of Nature ? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
 While every gale is peace, and every grove
 Is melody ? Hence ! from the bounteous walks
 Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
 Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe ;
 Or only lavish to yourselves ; away !
 But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,
 Of all his works, creative Bounty burns
 With warmest beam ; and on your open front

And

And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat
 Inviting modest Want. Nor, till invok'd
 Can restless goodness wait: your active search 880
 Leaves no cold wintery corner unexplor'd;
 Like silent-working Heaven, surprizing oft
 The lonely heart with unexpected good.
 For you the roving spirit of the wind
 Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds 885
 Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world;
 And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
 Ye flower of human race! In these green days,
 Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head:
 Life flows afresh; and young-ey'd Health exalts 890
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks
 The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
 Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
 To purchase. Pure serenity apace
 Induces thought, and contemplation still. 895
 By swift degrees the love of Nature works,
 And warms the bosom; till at last sublim'd
 To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,
 We feel the present Deity, and taste
 The joy of God to see a happy world! 900

These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
 Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,
 O Lyttelton the friend! thy passions thus
 And meditations vary, as at large,
 Courting the Muse, through Hagley Park thou stray'st;
 Thy British Temple! There along the dale,
 With woods o'er-hung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,

Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
 And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
 Or gleam in lengthen'd vista through the trees,
 You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade
 Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
 Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
 And pensive listen to the various voice
 Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
 The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
 That, purling down amid the twisted roots
 Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
 On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft,
 You wander through the philosophic world;
 Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
 Or to the curious or the pious eye.
 And oft, conducted by historic truth,
 You tread the long extent of backward time:
 Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
 And honest zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,
 Britannia's weal; how from the venal gulph
 To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
 Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
 The Muses charm: while, with sure taste refin'd,
 You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song;
 Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.
 Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda shares thy walk,
 With soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all
 Wears to the lover's eye a look of love;
 And all the tumult of a guilty world,
 Tost by ungenerous passions, sinks away.

The

The tender heart is animated peace;
 And as it pours its copious treasures forth,
 In varied converse, softening every theme,
 You, frequent pausing, turn, and from her eyes,
 Where meeken'd sense, and amiable grace,
 And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink
 That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
 Unutterable happiness! which love,
 Alone, bestows, and on a *favour'd few*.
 Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow
 The bursting prospect spreads immense around:
 And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
 And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
 And villages embosom'd soft in trees,
 And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd
 Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams:
 Wide-stretching from the Hall, in whose kind haunt
 The Hospitable Genius lingers still,
 To where the broken landskip, by degrees,
 Ascending, roughens into rigid hills;
 O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
 That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,
 Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
 Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round;
 Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth;
 The shining moisture swells into her eyes,
 In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves,
 With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize
 Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.

From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
 Full of the dear extatic power, and sick
 With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair ! 970
 Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts :
 Dare not th' infectious sight ; the pleading look,
 Downcast, and low, in meek submission drest,
 But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth, 975
 Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
 Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
 While Evening draws her crimson curtains round,
 Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.
 And let th' aspiring youth beware of love, 980
 Of the smooth glance beware ; for 'tis too late,
 When on his heart the torrent-softness pours.
 Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
 Dissolves in air away ; while the fond soul,
 Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss, 985
 Still paints th' illusive form ; the kindling grace ;
 Th' inticing smile ; the modest-seeming eye,
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death :
 And still false-warbling in his cheated ear, 990
 Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on
 To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.
 Ev'n present, in the very lap of love
 Inglorious laid ; while music flows around,
 Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours ; 995
 Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
 Her snaky crest : a quick-returning pang

Shoots

Shoots through the conscious heart ; where honour still,
And great design, against the oppressive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave. 1000

But absent, what fantastic woes arous'd,
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life ?
Neglected fortune flies ; and sliding swift,
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs. 1005

'Tis nought but gloom around : the darken'd sun
Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring
To weeping Fancy pines ; and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.

All Nature fades extinct ; and she alone 1010
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.

Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends ;
And sad amid the social band he sits,

Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue 1015

Th' unfinish'd period falls : while, borne away
On swelling thought, his wasted spirit flies
To the vain bosom of his distant fair ;

And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd

In melancholy site, with head declin'd, 1020

And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs

To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms ;

Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,

Romantic, hangs ; there through the pensive dusk

Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,

Indulging all to love : or on the bank

Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the moon
Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy east,
Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,
With soften'd soul, and wooes the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his: or while the world
And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,
Associates with the midnight shadows drear;
And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
Meant for the moving messenger of love;
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies.
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
In any posture finds; till the grey morn
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love: and then perhaps
Exhausted Nature sinks a while to rest,
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
That o'er the sick imagination rise,
And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks;
Sometimes in crowds distress'd; or if retir'd
To secret winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of Man,

Just

Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
 Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
 Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
 Through forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths
 With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
 In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast,
 Back, from the bending precipice; or wades
 The turbid stream below, and strives to reach 1065
 The farther shore; where succourless, and sad,
 She with extended arms his aid implores;
 But strives in vain: borne by th' outrageous flood
 To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
 Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks. 1070

These are the charming agonies of love,
 Whose misery delights. But through the heart
 Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
 'Tis then delightful misery no more,
 But agony unmix'd, incessant gall, 1075
 Corroding every thought, and blasting all
 Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
 Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
 Farewel! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
 Shine out your last! The yellow-tinging plague 1080
 Internal vision taints, and in a night
 Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
 Ah, then! instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
 Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
 With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed, 1085
 Suffus'd and glaring with untender fire;
 A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,

Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,
 And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
 Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views 1090
 Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
 For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
 With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.
 In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
 Deceitful pride, and resolution frail, 1095
 Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
 Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,
 Her first endearments twining round the soul,
 With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
 Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew, 1100
 Flames through the nerves, and boils along the veins;
 While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart:
 For ev'n the sad assurance of his fears
 Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
 Whom Love deludes into his thorny wilds, 1105
 Through flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
 Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care;
 His brightest flames extinguish'd all, and all
 His lively moments running down to waste.
 But happy they! the happiest of their kind 1110
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself, 1115
 Attuning all their passions into love;
 Where friendship full-exerts her softest power,

Perfect

Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
 With boundless confidence: for nought but love
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
 Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
 To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
 The loathing virgin, in eternal care, 1125
 Well-merited, consume his nights and days:
 Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
 Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
 Let eastern tyrants, from the light of heaven
 Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd 1130
 Of a mere, lifeless, violated form:
 While those whom love cements in holy faith,
 And equal transport, free as Nature live,
 Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all! 1135
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look
 Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love, 1140
 The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.
 Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
 The human blossom blows; and every day,
 Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm, 1145
 The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
 Then infant reason grows apace, and calls

For

For the kind hand of an assiduous care,
 Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot, 1150
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
 Oh, speak the joy! ye, whom the sudden tear
 Surprizes often, while you look around, 1155
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
 All various Nature pressing on the heart:
 An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life, 1160
 Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;
 And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
 Still find them happy; and consenting Spring 1165
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
 Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
 When, after the long vernal day of life,
 Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
 With many a proof of recollected love, 1170
 Together down they sink in social sleep;
 Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
 To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

SUMMER.

S U M M E R. 1727.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr. Doddington. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the seasons. As the face of Nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day. The dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the sun. Forenoon. Summer insects described. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Groupe of herds and flocks. A solemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude scene. View of Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over, a serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich well-cultivated country; which introduces a pænegyric on Great Britain. Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.

FROM brightening fields of æther fair disclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth:

He

He comes attended by the sultry *hours*,
 And ever-fanning *breezes*, on his way; 5
 While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
 Averts her blushful face; and earth, and skies,
 All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
 Where scarce a sun-beam wanders through the gloom;
 And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink
 Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
 Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
 And sing the glories of the circling year.

Come, Inspiration! from thy hermit-seat, 15
 By mortal seldom found: may Fancy dare,
 From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
 Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
 Creative of the Poet, every power
 Exalting to an ecstacy of soul. 20

And thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,
 In whom the human graces all unite:
 Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;
 Genius, and wisdom; the gay social sense,
 By decency chastis'd; goodness and wit, 25
 In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd;
 Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal
 For Britain's glory, Liberty, and Man:
 O Doddington! attend my rural song,
 Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line, 30
 And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

With what an awful world-revolving power
 Were first th' unwieldy planets launch'd along

Th'

Th' illimitable void ! Thus to remain,
 Amid the flux of many thousand years, 35
 That oft has swept the toiling race of men,
 And all their labour'd monuments away,
 Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course;
 To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
 And of the seasons ever stealing round, 40
 Minutely faithful : Such th' all-perfect Hand !
 That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady whole.

When now no more th' alternate Twins are fir'd,
 And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
 Short is the doubtful empire of the night ; 45
 And soon, observant of approaching day,
 The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,
 At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east :
 Till far o'er æther spreads the widening glow ;
 And, from before the lustre of her face, 50
 White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,
 Brown Night retires : Young Day pours in apace,
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn. 55
 Blue, through the dusk, the smoaking currents shine ;
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare
 Limp, awkward ; while along the forest-glade
 The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
 At early passenger. Music awakes 60
 The native voice of undissembled joy ;
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
 Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves

His

His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

Falsely luxurious, will not Man awake,
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wife
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul!
Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and tossing through distemper'd dreams,
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than Nature craves; when every Muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly devious morning-walk?

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo; now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime chearer Light!
Of all material beings first, and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt

In

In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun! 10
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen 95
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,
Thy system rolls entire; from the far bourne
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round 100
Of thirty years; to Mercury, whose disk
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Informer of the planetary train!
Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life!
How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling spirit, from th' unfetter'd mind,
By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race, 110
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

The vegetable world is also thine,
Parent of Seasons! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road, 115
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
Mean-time th' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
A common hymn: while, round thy beaming ear, 120
High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd Hours,
The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains,

Of bloom ethereal the light-footed Dews,
And soften'd into joy the surly Storms. 125

These, in successive turn, with lavish hand;
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till, kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth,
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd:
But to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.

Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines; 135

Hence Labour draws his tools; hence burnish'd War
Gleams on the day; the nobler works of Peace

Hence bless mankind, and generous Commerce binds

The round of nations in a golden chain.

Th' unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee, 140

In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.

The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,

Collected light, compact; that, polish'd bright,

And all its native lustre let abroad,

Dares, as it sparkles on the fair-one's breast, 145

With vain ambition emulate her eyes.

At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,

And with a waving radiance inward flames.

From thee the Sapphire, solid æther, takes

Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct, 150

The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.

With thy own simile the yellow topaz burns,

Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,

When

When first she gives it to the southern gale,
 Than the green emerald shows. But, all combin'd,
 Thick through the whitening opal play thy beams;
 Or, flying several from its surface, form
 A trembling variance of revolving hues,
 As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch, 160
 Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
 In brighter mazes the relucient stream
 Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
 Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
 Softens at thy return. The desert joys 165
 Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.
 Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
 Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
 Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
 Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this, 170
 And all the much-transported Muse can sing,
 Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
 Unequal far; great delegated source
 Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!

How shall I then attempt to sing of Him! 175
 Who, Light Himself, in uncreated light
 Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
 From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;
 Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
 Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of Heaven, 180
 That beam for ever through the boundless sky:
 But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,
 And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel

Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.

And yet was every faltering tongue of Man, 185
 Almighty Father! silent in thy praise,
 Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,
 Ev'n in the depth of solitary woods
 By human foot untrod; proclaim thy power,
 And to the quire celestial Thee resound, 190
 Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all!

To me be Nature's volume broad-display'd;
 And to peruse its all-instructing page,
 Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
 Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate, 195
 My sole delight; as through the falling glooms
 Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
 On Fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
 Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds, 200
 And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
 In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd
 The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems,
 Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.

Half in a blush of clustering roses lost, 205
 Dew-dropping Coolness to the shade retires;
 There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
 By gelid founts and careless rills to muse;
 While tyrant Heat, disspreading through the sky,
 With rapid sway, his burning influence darts 210
 On man; and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

Who can unpitying see the flowery race,
 Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,
 Before

Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
 When fevers revel through their azure veins. 215
 But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
 Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
 Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
 Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats;
 His flock before him stepping to the fold:
 While the full-udder'd mother lows around
 The chearful cottage, then expecting food,
 The food of innocence and health! The daw,
 The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks 225
 That the calm village in their verdant arms,
 Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight;
 Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
 All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
 Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene; 230
 And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
 The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
 Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers, one
 Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
 O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp, 235
 They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
 To let the little noisy summer-race
 Live in her lay, and flutter through her song:
 Not mean, though simple; to the sun ally'd,
 From him they draw their animating fire. 240

Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
 Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborn,
 Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,

And secret corner, where they slept away
 The wintery storms ; or rising from their tombs, 245
 To higher life ; by myriads, forth at once,
 Swarming they pour ; of all the vary'd hues
 Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
 Ten thousand forms ! ten thousand different tribes !
 People the blaze. To sunny waters some 250
 By fatal instinct fly ; where on the pool
 They, sportive, wheel ; or, failing down the stream,
 Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
 Or darting salmon. ' Through the green-wood glade
 Some love to stray ; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed, 255
 In the fresh leaf, Luxurious, others make
 The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
 And every latent herb : for the sweet task,
 To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
 In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd, 260
 Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
 The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight ;
 Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese :
 Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
 They meet their fate ; or, weltering in the bowl, 265
 With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedless flies the window proves
 A constant death ; where, gloomily retir'd,
 The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
 Mixture abhorr'd ! Amid a mangled heap 270
 Of carcases, in eager watch he sits,
 O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
 Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft

Passes,

Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front;
 The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts, 275
 With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
 And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
 Strikes backward grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wing
 And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
 And ask the helping hospitable hand. 280

Resounds the living surface of the ground:
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
 To him who muses through the woods at noon;
 Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
 With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade 285
 Of willows grey, close-crowding o'er the brook.

Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend,
 Evading ev'n the microscopic eye!
 Full Nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass
 Of animals, or atoms organiz'd, 290
 Waiting the *vital Breath*, when Parent-Heaven
 Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
 In putrid steams, emits the living cloud
 Of pestilence. Through subterranean cells,
 Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way, 295
 Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
 Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
 Within its winding citadel, the stone
 Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,
 That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze, 300
 The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
 Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
 Of evanescent insects. Where the pool

Stands mantled o'er with green, invifible,
 Amid the floating verdure millions stray. 305
 Each liquid too, whether it pierces, fooms,
 Inflames, refrefhes, or exalts the tafte,
 With various forms abounds. Nor is the fream
 Of pureft crystal, nor the lucid air,
 Though one transparent vacancy it feems, 310
 Void of their unfeen people. Thefe, conceal'd
 By the kind art of forming Heaven, efcape
 The groffer eye of Man : for, if the worlds
 In worlds inclos'd fould on his fenfes burft,
 From cates ambrofial, and the nectar'd bowl, 315
 He would abhorrent turn ; and in dead night,
 When filence fleeps o'er all, be ftunn'd with noife.

Let no prefuming impious railer tax
 Creative Wifdom, as if aught was form'd
 In vain, or not for admirable ends. 320
 Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
 His works unwife, of which the fmalleft part
 Exceeds the narrow vifion of her mind ?
 As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,
 On fwelling columns heav'd, the pride of art ! 325
 A critic-fly, whose feeble ray fcarce fpreads
 An inch around, with blind prefumption bold,
 Should dare to tax the ftructure of the whole.
 And lives the man, whose univerfal eye
 Has fwept at once th' unbounded fcheme of things ;
 Mark'd their dependance fo, and firm accord,
 As with unfaultering accent to conclude
 That *this* availeth nought ? Has any feen

The

The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
From Infinite Perfection to the brink 335

Of dreary *nothing*, desolate abyss!

From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?

Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,

And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power,

Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds, 340

As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.

Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,

Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,

The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd,

Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day. 345

Ev'n so luxurious men, unheeding, pass

An idle summer life in fortune's shine,

A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on

From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;

Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes 350

Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:

The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,

Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose

Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid, 355

Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all

Her kindled graces, burning o'er her cheek.

Ev'n stooping age is here; and infant-hands

Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load

O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll. 360

Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row

Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,

They spread their breathing harvest to the sun,

That throws refreshful round a rural smell :
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground, 365
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
In order gay. While, heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and social glee. 370
Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compel'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore. 375
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly fides. And oft the swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in : 380
Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And panting labour to the farthest shore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt 385
The trout is banish'd by the fordid stream;
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race; where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild 390
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, toss'd from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.

At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
 Are in the wattled pen innumeros pres'd, 395
 Head above head: and, rang'd in lusty rows,
 The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
 The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
 With all her gay-drest maids attending round.
 One, chief, in gracious dignity entron'd, 400
 Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
 Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king;
 While the glad circle round them yield their souls
 To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
 Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace: 405
 Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
 Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
 To stamp his master's cypher ready stand;
 Others th' unwilling wether drag along;
 And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy 410
 Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
 Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
 By needy man, that all-depending lord,
 How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
 What softness in its melancholy face, 415
 What dumb complaining innocence appears!
 Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
 Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
 No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
 Who having now, to pay his annual care, 420
 Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
 Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene! yet hence Britannia sees

Her

Her solid grandeur rise : hence she commands
 Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime, 425
 The treasures of the sun without his rage :
 Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
 Wide glows her land : her dreadful thunder hence
 Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, ev'n now,
 Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast ; 430
 Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging noon ; and, vertical, the sun
 Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
 O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
 Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns ; and all 435
 From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
 In vain the fight, dejected to the ground,
 Stoops for relief ; thence hot-ascending steams,
 And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
 Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields 440
 And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
 Blast Fancy's bloom, and wither ev'n the soul.
 Echo no more returns the chearful sound
 Of sharpening scythe : the mower sinking heaps
 O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd ; 445
 And scarce a chirping grass-hopper is heard
 Through the dumb mead. Distressful nature pants.
 The very streams look languid from afar ;
 Or, through th' unshelter'd glade, impatient seem
 To hurl into the covert of the grove. 450

All-conquering Heat, oh, intermit thy wrath !
 And on my throbbing temples potent thus
 Beam not so fierce ! Incessant still you flow,

And

And still another fervent flood succeeds,
 Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh, 455
 And restless turn, and look around for night;
 Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
 Thrice happy he! who, on the sunless side
 Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
 Beneath the whole collected shade reclines: 460
 Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
 And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
 Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
 Unsatisfied and sick, tosses in noon:
 Emblem instructive of the virtuous man, 465
 Who keeps his temper'd mind serene and pure,
 And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
 Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
 Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks! 470
 Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
 Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
 As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
 Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
 Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink. 475
 Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides;
 The heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded eye
 And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;
 And life shoots swift through all the lighten'd limbs.

Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along 480
 The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
 Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
 Now starting to a sudden stream, and now

Gently

Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain;
 A various grouse the herds and flocks compose, 485
 Rural confusion! on the grassy bank
 Some ruminating lie; while others stand
 Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip
 The circling surface. In the middle droops
 The strong laborious ox, of honest front, 490
 Which incompas'd he shakes; and from his sides
 The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
 Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
 Slumbers the monarch-swain; his careless arm
 Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd; 495
 Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd;
 There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
 Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd;
 That startling scatters from the shallow brook, 500
 In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
 They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
 Through all the bright severity of noon;
 While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
 Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills. 505

Oft in this season too the horse, provok'd,
 While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
 Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
 Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effus'd,
 Darts on the gloomy flood, with stedfast eye, 510
 And heart estrang'd to fear: his nervous chest,
 Luxuriant, and erect! the seat of strength!
 Bears down th' opposing stream: quenchless his thirst;

He

He takes the river at redoubled draughts;
And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave. 515

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth:
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
Solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall, 520
And all is awful listening gloom around.

These are the haunts of Meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,
Extatic, felt; and, from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels and immortal forms, 525
On gracious errands bent: to save the fall
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice;
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul
For future trials fated to prepare, 530
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His Muse to better themes; to soothe the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
(Backward to mingle in detested war,
But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death; 535
And numberless such offices of love
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel 540
A sacred terror, a severe delight,
Creep through my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,
A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear

Of

Of fancy strikes. "Be not of us afraid,
 "Poor kindred man! thy fellow-creatures, we 545
 "From the same Parent-Power our beings drew,
 "The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
 "Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life,
 "Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
 "This holy calm, this harmony of mind, 550
 "Where purity and peace immingle charms.
 "Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
 "Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
 "By noisy folly and discordant vice,
 "Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God. 555
 "Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
 "When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
 "Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
 "And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,
 "The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade: 560
 "A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
 "On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
 "Of Poet, swelling to seraphic strain."

And art thou, *Stanley, of that sacred band?

Alas, for us too soon! Though rais'd above 565
 The reach of human pain, above the flight
 Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray
 Of sadly-pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel
 A mother's love, a mother's tender woe:
 Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene; 570
 Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,

* A young lady, who died at the age of eighteen, in
 the year 1738. See her epitaph in Vol. II.

Thy

Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
 Inspir'd: where moral wisdom mildly shone,
 Without the toil of art; and virtue glow'd,
 In all her smiles, without forbidding pride. 575

But, O thou best of parents! wipe thy tears;
 Or rather to Parental Nature pay
 The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
 Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
 Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth. 580

Believe the Muse: the wintery blast of death
 Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread,
 Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
 Through endless ages, into higher powers.

Thus up the mount, in æry vision rapt, 585
 I stray, regardless whither; till the sound
 Of a near fall of water every sense
 Wakes from the charm of thought: swift-shrinking
 I check my steps, and view the broken scene. [back,

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood 590
 Rolls fair, and placid; where collected all,
 In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
 It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.

At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
 Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls, 595
 And from the loud-resounding rocks below
 Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
 A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.

Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose:
 But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks, 600
 Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now

Aslant

Aflant the hollow channel rapid darts ;
 And, falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
 With wild inflected course, and lessen'd roar,
 It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last, 605
 Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
 He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
 With upward pinions through the flood of day ;
 And, giving full his bosom to the blaze, 610
 Gains on the sun ; while all the tuneful race,
 Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
 Deep in the thicket ; or, from bower to bower
 Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
 The stock-dove only through the forest cooes, 615
 Mournfully hoarse ; oft ceasing from his plaint,
 Short interval of weary woe ! again
 The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
 Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
 Across his fancy comes ; and then resounds 620
 A louder song of sorrow through the grove.

Beside the dewy border let me sit,
 All in the freshness of the humid air ;
 There in that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,
 An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over head 625
 By flowering umbrage shaded : where the bee
 Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
 Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
 While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon, 630
 Now come bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,

And

And view the wonders of the *torrid Zone* :
 Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compar'd,
 Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

See, how at once the bright effulgent sun, 635
 Rising direct, swift chaces from the sky
 The short-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
 Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air:
 He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,
 Issuing from out the portals of the morn, 640
 The **general Breeze*, to mitigate his fire,
 And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
 Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
 And barbarous wealth, that see each circling year,
 Returning *suns* and † *double seasons* pass: 645
 Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
 That on the high equator ridgy rise,
 Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays:
 Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
 Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills; 650
 Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
 A boundless deep immensity of shade.
 Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
 The noble sons of potent heat and floods

* Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east, or the collateral points, the north-east and the south-east: caused by the pressure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the sun from east to west.

† In all climates between the tropics, the sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a-year vertical, which produces this effect.

Prone rushing from the clouds, rear high to heaven
 Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
 Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
 Unnumber'd fruits of keen delicious taste
 And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
 And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales, 660
 Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
 A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves;
 To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
 With the deep orange, glowing through the green, 665
 Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
 Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,
 Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
 Deep in the night the massy locust sheds
 Quench my hot limbs; or lead me through the maze,
 Embowering endless, of the Indian fig;
 Or, thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
 Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
 Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
 And high palmetos lift their graceful shade. 675
 Or stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
 Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
 And from the palm to draw its freshening wine!
 More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
 Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs 680
 Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
 Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race
 Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
 Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.

I Witness,

Witness, thou best Anâna, thou the pride 685
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
The poets imag'd in the golden age:
Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,
Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove!

From these the prospect varies. Plains immense 690
Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads
And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,
Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost.

Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride, 695
Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
Exuberant spring; for oft these vallies shift
Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail. 700

Along these lonely regions, where retir'd,
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
In awful solitude, and nought is seen
But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fattening seas: 705
On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
Like a fall'n cedar, far diffus'd his train,
Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.
The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail,

* Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his side, 710
The darted steel in idle shivers flies:
He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills;

* The Hippopotamus, or river-horse.

Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
 In widening circle round, forget their food,
 And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze. 715

Peaceful, beneath primæval trees, that cast
 Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
 And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave;
 Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
 High-rai'd in solemn theatre around, 720
 Leans the huge elephant: wifest of brutes!

O truly wise! with gentle might endow'd,
 Though powerful, not destructive! Here he sees
 Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
 And empires rise and fall; regardless he 725
 Of what the never-resting race of Men

Project: thrice happy! could he 'scape their guile,
 Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps;
 Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
 The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert, 730
 And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
 Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
 Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,
 Thick-swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,
 That with a sportive vanity has deck'd
 The plummy nations, there her gayest hues
 Profusely pours. * But, if she bids them shine,
 Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,

* In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds,
 though more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to
 be less melodious than ours.

Yet,

Yet, frugal still, she humbles them in song. 740
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast
A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
While Philomel is ours; while in our shades,
Through the soft silence of the listening night, 745
The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.

But come, my Muse, the desert-barrier burst,
A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky:
And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar; ardent climb 750
The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds
Of jealous Abyffinia boldly pierce.
Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
Of social commerce com'ft to rob their wealth;
No *boly Fury* thou, blaspheming Heaven, 755
With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,
To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.
Thou, like the harmless bee, may'ft freely range,
From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers, 760
From jasmine grove to grove, may'ft wander gay,
Through palmy shades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
There on the breezy summit, spreading fair, 765
For many a league; or on stupendous rocks,
That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;
Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise;

And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields; 770
 And fountains gush; and careless herds and flocks
 Securely stray; a world within itself,
 Disdaining all assault: there let me draw
 Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,
 Profusely breathing from the spicy groves, 775
 And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear
 The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep
 From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold;
 And o'er the varied landskip, restless, rove,
 Fervent with life of every fairer kind: 780
 A land of wonders! which the sun still eyes
 With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
 Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the scene! In blazing height of noon,
 The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom. 785
 Still Horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
 Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.
 For to the hot equator crowding fast,
 Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding air
 Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll, 790
 Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd!
 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
 Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,
 With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.
 Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd 795
 Around the cold ærial mountain's brow,
 And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
 The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne:
 From cloud to cloud the rending Lightnings rage;
 Till,

Till, in the furious elemental war 800
Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

The treasures these, hid from the bounded search
Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling Nile. 805
From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
Pure-welling out, he through the lucid lake
Of fair Dambea rolls his infant-stream.

There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles, 810
That with unfading verdure smile around.

Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
And, gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,
Winds in progressive majesty along: 815

Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
Of life-deserted sand; till, glad to quit
The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks
From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn, 820
And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.

His brother Niger too, and all the floods
In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract
Of woody mountains stretch'd through gorgeous Ind
Fall on Cormandel's coast, or Malabar;
From * Menam's orient stream, that nightly shines

* The river that runs through Siam; on whose banks
a vast multitude of those insects called fire-flies make a
beautiful appearance in the night.

With insect-lamps, to where Aurora sheds
 On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower:
 All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns, 830
 And pour untailing harvest o'er the land.

Nor less thy world, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd,
 The lavish moisture of the melting year.
 Wide o'er his isles, the branching Oronoque
 Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives 835
 To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,
 At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
 Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
 From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
 The mighty * Orellana. Scarce the Muse 840
 Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
 Of rushing water; scarce she dares attempt
 The sealike Plata; to whose dread expanse,
 Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
 Our floods are rills. With unabated force, 845
 In silent dignity they sweep along,
 And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
 And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,
 Where the sun smiles and seasons teem in vain,
 Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these, 850
 O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow,
 And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
 In their soft bosom, many a happy isle;
 The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd
 By christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons. 855

* The river of the Amazons.

Thus

Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
Yields to the liquid weight of half the globe;
And Ocean trembles for his green domain.

But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth? 860
This gay profusion of luxurious bliss?
This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads,
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?
By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,
What their unplanted fruits? what the cool draughts,
Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,
Their forests yield? their toiling insects what,
Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?
Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth, 870
Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines;
Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun?
What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?
Ill-fated race! the softening arts of Peace, 875
Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach;
The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast;
Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;
Investigation calm, whose silent powers
Command the world; the Light that leads to Heaven;
Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
And all-protecting Freedom, which alone
Sustains the name and dignity of Man:
These are not theirs. The parent-sun himself
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize; 885
And,

And, with oppressive ray, the roseat bloom
 Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
 And feature gross: or worse, to ruthless deeds,
 Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
 Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there, 890
 The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
 The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight
 Of sweet humanity: these court the beam
 Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,
 And the wild fury of voluptuous sense, 895
 There lost. The very brute creation there
 This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
 Which ev'n Imagination fears to tread,
 At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train 900
 In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
 Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffus'd,
 He throws his folds: and while, with threatening tongue,
 And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
 His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd, 905
 Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
 Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
 The small close-lurking minister of fate,
 Whose high-concocted venom through the veins
 A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift 910
 The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
 This child of vengeful Nature! There, sublim'd
 To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
 Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
 And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut 915
 His

His sacred eye. The tiger darting fierce
 Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd :
 The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
 With many a spot, the beauty of the waste :
 And, scorning all the taming arts of Man, 920
 The keen hyena, fellest of the fell.
 These, rushing from th' inhospitable woods
 Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles,
 That verdant rise amid the Libyan wild,
 Innumerable glare around their shaggy king, 925
 Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand ;
 And, with imperious and repeated roars,
 Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
 Crowd near the guardian swain ; the nobler herds,
 Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease, 930
 They ruminating lie, with horror hear
 The coming rage. Th' awaken'd village starts ;
 And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
 Her thoughtless infant. From the Pirate's den,
 Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang escap'd, 935
 The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again :
 While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
 From Atlas eastward to the frightened Nile.

Unhappy he ! who from the first of joys,
 Society, cut off, is left alone 940
 Amid this world of death. Day after day,
 Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
 And views the main that ever toils below ;
 Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
 Where the round æther mixes with the wave, 945
 Ships,

Ships, dim discover'd, dropping from the clouds;
 At evening, to the setting sun he turns
 A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
 Sinks helpless; while the wonted roar is up,
 And his continual through the tedious night. 950
 Yet here, ev'n here, into these black abodes
 Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome,
 And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retir'd,
 Her Cato following through Numidian wilds:
 Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains, 955
 And all the green delights Ausonia pours;
 When for them she must bend the servile knee,
 And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.

Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.
 Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath, 960
 Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot,
 From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
 And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
 A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
 With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil, 965
 Son of the desert! ev'n the camel feels,
 Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.
 Or from the black-red æther, bursting broad,
 Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Strait the sands,
 Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play: 970
 Nearer and nearer still they darkening come;
 Till, with the general all-involving storm
 Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;
 And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep, 975
 Beneath

Beneath descending hills, the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave 980
Obeys th' blast, th' aerial tumult swells.

In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
The circling * Typhon, whirl'd from point to point,
Exhausting all the rage of all the sky, 985

And dire * Ecnephia reign. Amid the heavens,
Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy † speck
Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells:

Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,
Fiery and foul, the small prognostick hangs 990

Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,

A fluttering gale the demon sends before,
To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,

Precipitant, descends a mingled mass 995
Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.

In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
Art is too slow: by rapid fate oppress'd,

His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
Hid in the bosom of the black abyss. 1000

* Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular storms
or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

† Called by the sailors the Ox-eye, being in appearance
at first no bigger.

With

With such mad seas the daring * Gama fought,
 For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
 Incessant, labouring round the *stormy Cape*;
 By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
 Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd
 The rising world of trade: the Genius, then,
 Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
 Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep,
 For idle ages, starting, heard at last
 The † Lusitanian Prince; who, Heaven-inspir'd,
 To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,
 And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the world.

Increasing still the terrors of these storms,
 His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
 Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent
 Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,
 Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood;
 Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;
 And, from the partners of that cruel trade,
 Which spoils unhappy Guiney of her sons,
 Demands his share of prey; demands themselves.
 The stormy fates descend: one death involves
 Tyrants and slaves; when strait, their mangled limbs
 Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas

* Vasco de Gama, the first who sailed round Africa,
 by the Cape of Good Hope, to the East Indies.

† Don Henry, third son to John the First, king of
 Portugal. His strong genius to the discovery of new
 countries was the chief source of all the modern im-
 provements in navigation.

With

With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal. 1015

When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
And draws the copious steam: from swampy fens,
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes destructive myriads; or from woods,
Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,
In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
Has ever dar'd to pierce; then, wasteful, forth
Walks the dire Power of pestilent disease. 1035

A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
And feeble desolation, casting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of Man.

Such as, of late, at Carthage quench'd 1040

The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw
The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw
To infant-weakness funk the warrior's arm;
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye 1045

No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans
Of agonizing ships from shore to shore;
Heard, nightly plung'd amid the fullen waves,
The frequent corse; while, on each other fix'd,
In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd, 1050
Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.

What need I mention those inclement skies,
Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,

Descends?

Descends ? * From Ethiopia's poison'd woods 1055
 From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
 With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,
 This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
 The brutes escape : Man is her destin'd prey,
 Intemperate Man ! and, o'er his guilty domes, 1060
 She draws a close incumbent cloud of death ;
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze ; and stain'd
 With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,
 Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then, 1065
 Dejects his watchful eye ; and from the hand
 Of feeble Justice, ineffectual, drop
 The sword and balance : mute the voice of joy,
 And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.
 Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad ; 1070
 Into the worst of desarts sudden turn'd
 The chearful haunt of Men, unless escap'd
 From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns,
 Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
 With frenzy wild, breaks loose ; and, loud to heaven
 Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
 Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen door,
 Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
 Fearing to turn, abhors society :
 Dependants, friends, relations, Love himself, 1080
 Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,

* These are the causes supposed to be the first origin
 of the Plague, in Dr. Mead's elegant book on that
 subject.

The

The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
 But vain their selfish care: the circling sky,
 The wide enlivening air, is full of fate;
 And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs 1085
 They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
 Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
 Extends her raven wing; while, to complete
 The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
 The grim guards stand, denying all retreat, 1090
 And give the flying wretch a better death.

Much yet remains unsung: the rage intense
 Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
 Where drought and famine starve the blasted year:
 Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage, 1095
 Th' infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame;
 And, rous'd within the subterranean world,
 Th' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
 Aspiring cities from their solid base,
 And buries mountains in the flaming gulph. 1100
 But 'tis enough; return, my vagrant Muse:
 A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

Behold, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove
 Unusual darkness broods; and growing gains
 The full possession of the sky, furcharg'd 1105
 With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
 Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
 Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
 Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
 With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame, 1110
 Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,

A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
 Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,
 The dash of clouds, or irritating war
 Of fighting winds, while all is calm below, 1115
 They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
 Dread through the dun expanse; save the dull sound
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath. 1120

Prone, to the lowest vale, th' ærial tribes
 Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
 The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
 Cast a deploring eye; by man forsook, 1125
 Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all:
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance
 Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud; 1130
 And following slower, in explosion vast,
 The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.
 At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
 The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind, 1135
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
 The noise astounds: till over head a sheet
 Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
 And opens wider; shuts and opens still
 Expansive, wrapping æther in a blaze. 1140
 Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,

Enlarging,

Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,
A lifeless groupe the blasted cattle lie:
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
They wore alive, and ruminating still
In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled cliff,
The venerable tower and spiry fane
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercussive roar: with mighty crush,
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowden's peak,
Dissolving, instant yields his wintery load.
Far-seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thulè bellows through her utmost isles.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought.
And yet not always on the guilty head
Descends the fated flash. Young Celandon

And his Amelia were a matchless pair;
 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:
 Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn, 1175
 And his the radiance of the risen day.

They lov'd: but such their guileless passion was,
 As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
 Of innocence, and undissembling truth.
 'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish, 1180
 Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
 Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
 To love, each was to each a dearer self;
 Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades, 1185
 Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
 Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
 By care unruffled; till, in evil hour, 1190
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
 Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,
 While, with each other blest, creative love
 Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
 Presaging instant fate, her bosom heav'd 1195
 Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
 Of the big gloom on Celadon her eye
 Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
 In vain assuring love, and confidence
 In Heaven, repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook
 Her frame near dissolution, He perceiv'd

Th'

Th' unequal conflict; and as angels look
 On dying faints, his eyes compassion shed,
 With love illumin'd high. " Fear not, he said,
 " Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence, 1205
 " And inward storm! He, who yon skies involves
 " In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
 " With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
 " That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
 " Of noon, flies harmless: and that very voice, 1210
 " Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
 " With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
 " 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
 " To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace,
 Mysterious heaven! that moment, to the ground, 1215
 A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
 Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
 So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb, 1220
 The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
 For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds
 Tumultuous rove, th' interminable sky
 Sublimar swells, and o'er the world expands 1225
 A purer azure. Through the lighten'd air
 A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
 Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
 Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
 Set off abundant by the yellow ray, 1230
 Invests the fields; and nature smiles reviv'd.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
 Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
 Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clover'd vale.
 And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless man,
 Most favour'd; who with voice articulate
 Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
 That hush'd the thunder, and serenest the sky,
 Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd,
 That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
 Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?

Chear'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
 Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
 A sandy bottom shews. A while he stands
 Gazing th' inverted landscape, half afraid
 To meditate the blue profound below;
 Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
 His ebon tresses and his rosy cheek
 Instant emerge; and through th' obedient wave,
 At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
 With arms and legs according well, he makes,
 As humour leads, an easy-winding path:
 While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
 Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

This is the purest exercise of health,
 The kind refresher of the summer heats;
 Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,
 Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink,
 Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd,
 By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse

Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the same Roman arm,
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave. 1265
Ev'n from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

Close in the covert of an hazel copse,
Where winded into pleasing solitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat, 1270
Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
There to the stream that down the distant rocks
Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd
Among the bending willows, falsely he
Of Musidora's cruelty complain'd. 1275
She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,
In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
The soft return conceal'd; save when it stole
In side-long glances from her downcast eye,
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs. 1280
Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart;
And, if an infant passion struggled there,
To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain!
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate 1285
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
For, lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his Musidora sought:
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd;
And, rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe. 1290
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.

What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost;
 And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:
 A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
 A delicate refinement, known to few, 1295
 Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire:
 But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
 Say, ye severest, what would you have done?
 Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever blest
 Arcadian stream, with timid eye around 1300
 The banks surveying, strip'd her beauteous limbs,
 To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
 Ah, then! not Paris on the piny top
 Of Ida panted stronger, when aside
 The rival-goddeses the veil divine 1305
 Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
 Than, Damon, thou; as from the snowy leg,
 And slender foot, th' inverted silk she drew;
 As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone;
 And, through the parting robe, th' alternate breast,
 With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
 In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
 How durst thou risque the soul-distracting view;
 As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
 Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand, 1315
 In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn;
 And fair-expos'd the flood, shrunk from herself,
 With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
 Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn?
 Then to the flood she rush'd; the parted flood 1320
 Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd;

And

And every beauty softening, every grace
 Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed :
 As shines the lily through the crystal mild ;
 Or as the rose amid the morning dew, 1335
 Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.
 While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
 But ill-conceal'd ; and now with streaming locks,
 That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
 Rising again, the latent Damon drew 1330
 Such maddening draughts of beauty to the soul,
 As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
 With luxury too-daring. Check'd, at last,
 By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
 The theft profane, if aught profane to love 1335
 Can e'er be deem'd ; and, struggling from the shade,
 With headlong hurry fled : but first these lines,
 Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
 With trembling hand he threw. " Bathe on, my fair
 " Yet unbeheld, save by the sacred eye 1340
 " Of faithful love : I go to guard thy haunt,
 " To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
 " And each licentious eye." With wild surprize,
 As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
 A stupid moment motionless she stood : 1345
 So stands the * statue that enchants the world,
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
 The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
 Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes

* The Venus of Medici.

Which

Which blissful Eden knew not; and, array'd 1350
 In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd.
 But, when her Damon's well-known hand she saw,
 Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
 Of mixt emotions, hard to be describ'd,
 Her sudden bosom seiz'd: shame void of guilt, 1355
 The charming blush of innocence, esteem
 And admiration of her lover's flame,
 By modesty exalted: ev'n a sense
 Of self-approving beauty stole across
 Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm 1360
 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul;
 And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream
 Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen
 Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,
 Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping joy: 1365
 "Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,
 "By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,
 "Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now
 "Discreet: the time may come you need not fly."

The sun has lost his rage: his downward orb 1370
 Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
 And vital lustre; that, with various ray,
 Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven,
 Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
 The dream of waking fancy! Broad below, 1375
 Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
 Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
 And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
 Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves

To seek the distant hills, and there converse 1380
 With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,
 And in pathetic song to breathe around
 The harmony to others. Social friends,
 Attun'd to happy unison of soul;
 To whose exalting eye a fairer world, 1385
 Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
 Displays its charms; whose minds are richly fraught
 With philosophic stores, superior light;
 And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
 Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance; 1390
 Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day:
 Now to the verdant Portico of woods,
 To Nature's vast Lycéum, forth they walk;
 By that kind School where no proud master reigns,
 The full free converse of the friendly heart, 1395
 Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
 Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
 And pour their souls in transport, which the Sire
 Of love approving hears, and *calls it good*.
 Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course? 1400
 The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chuse?
 All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
 Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?
 Or court the forest-glades? or wander wild
 Among the waving harvests? or ascend, 1405
 While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
 Thy hill, delightful * Shene? Here let us sweep

* The old name of Richmond, signifying in Saxon
shining, or splendor.

The

The boundless landkip: now the raptur'd eye,
 Exulting swift, to huge Augusta send;
 Now to the * Sister-Hills that skirt her plain, 1410
 To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
 Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow,
 In lovely contrast to this glorious view
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
 To where the silver Thames first rural grows. 1415
 There let the feasted eye unwearied stray:
 Luxurious, there, rove through the pendent woods
 That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;
 And, stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd, 1420
 With Her the pleasing partner of his heart,
 The worthy Queensberry yet laments his Gay,
 And polish'd Cornbury wooes the willing Muse,
 Slow let us trace the matchless Vale of Thames;
 Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt 1425
 In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
 The healing God †; to royal Hampton's pile,
 To Clermont's terrass'd height, and Esher's groves,
 Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
 By the soft windings of the silent Mole, 1430
 From courts and senates Pelham finds repose,
 Inchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muse
 Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!
 O vale of bliss! O softly-swelling hills!
 On which the *Power of Cultivation* lies, 1435

* Highgate and Hamstead.

† In his last sickness.

And

And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

Heavens ! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landskip into smoke decays ! 1440

Happy Britannia ! where, the Queen of Arts,
Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad
Walks, unconfin'd, ev'n to thy farthest cots,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime ; 1445
Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought ;
Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks ; thy vallies float
With golden waves : and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless ; while, roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves. 1450

Beneath thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth ;
And property assures it to the swain,
Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guarded toil. 1455

Full are thy cities with the sons of art ;
And trade and joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard : ev'n Drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and, loosening every sheer,
Reigns the spreading vessel to the wind. 1465

Bold,

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
 By hardship finew'd, and by danger fir'd,
 Scattering the nations where they go; and first
 Or on the lifted plain, or stormy seas.
 Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans 1470
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires prelide;
 In genius, and substantial learning, high;
 For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
 Yet, like the mustering thunder, when provok'd, 1475
 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
 Of those that under grim oppression groan.

Thy Sons of Glory many! Alfred thine,
 In whom the splendor of heroic war,
 And more heroic peace, when govern'd well, 1480
 Combine; whose hallow'd names the Virtues faint,
 And *his own* Muses love; the best of *kings*!
 With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys shine;
 Names dear to Fame; the first who deep impress'd
 On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms, 1485
 That awes her genius still. In *statesmen* thou,
 And *patriots*, fertile. Thine a steady More,
 Who, with a generous, though mistaken zeal,
 Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
 Like Cato firm, like Aristides just, 1490
 Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
 A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.
 Frugal and wise, a Walsingham is thine;
 A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world, 1495

Then

Then flam'd thy spirit high : but who can speak
 The numerous worthies of the Maiden Reign ?
 In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd ;
 Raleigh, the scourge of Spain ! whose breast with all
 The sage, the patriot, and the hero, burn'd. 1500
 Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
 The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
 Explor'd the vast extent of ages past, 1505
 And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world ;
 Yet found no times, in all the long research,
 So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
 Nor can the Muse the gallant Sidney pass, 1510
 The plume of war ! with early laurels crown'd,
 The Lover's myrtle, and the Poet's bay.
 A Hamden too is thine, illustrious land,
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
 Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age 1515
 To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
 In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
 Bright, at his call, thy age of *men* effulg'd,
 Of men on whom late time a kindling eye
 Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read. 1520
 Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
 The grave where Russel lies ; whose temper'd blood,
 With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign ;
 Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk 1525

In loose inglorious luxury. With him
 His friend, the * British Cassius, fearless bled;
 Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
 By ancient learning to th' enlighten'd love
 Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown 1530
 In awful *Sages* and in noble *Bards*;
 Soon as the light of dawning Science spread
 Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.
 Thine is a Bacon; hapless in his choice,
 Unfit to stand the civil storm of state, 1535
 And through the smooth barbarity of courts,
 With firm, but pliant virtue, forward still
 To urge his course: him for the studious shade
 Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
 Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul, 1540
 Plato, the Stagyrice, and Tully join'd.
 The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
 Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,
 Led forth the true Philosophy, there long
 Held in the magic chain of words and forms, 1545
 And definitions void: he led her forth,
 Daughter of Heaven! that, slow-ascending still,
 Investigating sure the chain of things,
 With radiant finger points to Heaven again.
 The generous † Ashley thine, the friend of man; 1550
 Who scann'd his Nature with a brother's eye,
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
 To touch the finer movements of the mind,

* Algernon Sidney.

† Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

And

And with the *moral beauty* charm the heart.
 Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search 1555
 Amid the dark recesses of his works,
 The great Creator sought? And why thy Locke,
 Who made the whole internal world his own?
 Let Newton, *pure Intelligence*, whom God
 To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works 1560
 Fram laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
 In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen
 Through the deep windings of the human heart,
 Is not wild Shakespear thine and Nature's boast?
 Is not each great, each amiable Muse
 Of classic ages in thy Milton met?
 A genius universal as his theme;
 Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom
 Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime. 1565
 Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
 The gentle Spenfer, Fancy's pleasing son;
 Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
 Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage, 1575
 Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,
 Well-moraliz'd, shines through the Gothic cloud
 Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

May my song soften, as thy Daughters I,
 Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own, 1580
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
 And elegance, and taste: the faultless form,
 Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,

Where the live crimson, through the native white
 Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom, 1585
 And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
 Like the red rose-bud moist with morning-dew,
 Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
 The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast; 1590
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
 And by the soul inform'd, when drest in love
 She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

Island of bliss! amid the subject seas,
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up, 1595
 At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
 Of distant nations; whose remotest shores
 Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
 Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
 Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave. 1600

O Thou! by whose almighty nod the scale
 Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
 Send forth the saving Virtues round the land,
 In bright patrol: white Peace, and social Love;
 The tender-looking Charity, intent, 1605
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles;
 Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of mind;
 Courage compos'd, and keen; sound Temperance,
 Healthful in heart and look; clear Chastity,
 With blushes reddening as she moves along, 1610
 Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
 Rough Industry; Activity untir'd,
 With copious life inform'd, and all awake:

While

While in the radiant front, superior shines
That first paternal virtue, *Public Zeal*; 1615
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And, ever musing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds 1620
Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitritè, and her tending nymphs, 1625
(So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb;
Now half-immers'd; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round,
Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void; 1630
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd soul,
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank:
A sight of horror to the cruel wretch, 1635
Who, all day long in fordid pleasure roll'd,
Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,
Upon his scoundrel train, what might have chear'd
A drooping family of modest worth.
But to the generous still-improving mind, 1640
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
Diffusing kind beneficence around,
Boastless, as now descends the silent dew;

To him the long review of order'd life
Is inward rapture, only to be felt. 1645

Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
All æther softening, sober Evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air;
A thousand *shadows* at her beck. First *this*
She sends on earth; then *that* of deeper dye 1650
Steals soft behind; and then a *deeper* still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn; 1655
While the quail clamours for his running mate.

Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of Nature nought disdains; thoughtful to feed 1660
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail; 1665
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means,
Sincerely loves, by that best language shewn
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height, 1670
And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game, and revelry, to pass

The

The summer-night, as village-stories tell.
 But far about they wander from the grave
 Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
 Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
 Of impious violence. The lonely tower
 Is also shunn'd; whose mournful chambers hold,
 So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.
 Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
 The glow-worm lights his gem; and, through the dark,
 A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
 The world to Night; not in her winter-robe
 Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd
 In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
 Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
 Flings half an image on the straining eye;
 While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
 And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
 Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
 Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
 Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
 The silent hours of love, with purest ray
 Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise,
 When day-light sickens till it springs afresh,
 Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.
 As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
 With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
 Across the sky; or horizontal dart
 In wondrous shapes: by fearful murmuring crowds
 Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
 That more than deck, that animate the sky,

The life-infusing suns of other worlds;
 Lo! from the dread immensity of space
 Returning, with accelerated course,
 The rushing comet to the sun descends;
 And as he sinks below the shading earth,
 With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
 The guilty nations tremble. But, above
 Those superstitious horrors that enslave
 The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
 And blind amazement prone, th' enlighten'd few,
 Whose godlike minds philosophy exalts,
 The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy
 Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
 That wondrous force of thought, which mounting spurns
 This dusky spot, and measures all the sky;
 While, from his far excursion through the wilds
 Of barren æther, faithful to his time,
 They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
 In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
 To work the will of all-sustaining Love:
 From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake
 Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs,
 Through which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps
 To lend new fuel to declining suns,
 To light-up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.
 With thee, serene Philosophy, with thee,
 And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!
 Effusive source of evidence, and truth!
 A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
 Stronger than summer-noon; and pure as that,
 Whose

Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,
 New to the dawning of celestial day. 1735
 Hence through her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
 She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
 Above the tangling mass of low desires,
 That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,
 The heights of science and of virtue gains, 1740
 Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
 Or in the starry regions, or th' abyfs,
 To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd:
 The *First* up-tracing, from the dreary void,
 The chain of causes and effects to Him, 1745
 The world-producing Essence, who alone
 Possesses being; while the *Last* receives
 The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
 And every beauty, delicate or bold,
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense, 1750
 Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts
 Her voice to ages; and informs the page
 With music, image, sentiment, and thought;
 Never to die! the treasure of mankind! 1755
 Their highest honour, and their truest joy!

Without thee what were unenlighten'd man?
 A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,
 In quest of prey; and with th' unfashion'd furr
 Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art, 1760
 And elegance of life. Nor happiness
 Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
 Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,

Nor guardian law were his; nor various skill
 To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool 1765
 Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
 Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
 The burning line, or dares the wintery pole;
 Mother severe of infinite delights!
 Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile, 1770
 And woes on woes, a still-revolving train!
 Whose horrid circle had made human life
 Than non-existence worse: but, taught by thee,
 Ours are the plans of policy and peace;
 To live like brothers, and conjunctive all 1775
 Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
 Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs
 The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath
 Of potent heaven, invisible, the sail
 Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along. 1780

Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
 Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
 Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
 Creation through; and, from that full complex
 Of never-ending wonders, to conceive 1785
 Of the Sole Being right, who *spoke the Word*,
 And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view,
 Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns
 Her eye; and instant, at her powerful glance,
 Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear; 1790
 Compound, divide, and into order shift,
 Each to his rank, from plain perception up
 To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train:

To reason then, deducing truth from truth;
 And notion quite abstract; where first begins 1795
 The world of spirits, action all, and life
 Unfetter'd, and unmixt. But here the cloud,
 So wills Eternal Providence, sits deep.
 Enough for us to know that this dark state,
 In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits, 1800
 This Infancy of Being, cannot prove
 The final issue of the works of God,
 By boundless Love and perfect Wisdom form'd,
 And ever rising with the rising mind.

Howe

A U T U M N.

A U T U M N. 1730.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Addressed to Mr. Onslow. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of industry raised by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harvest-storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digression, enquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of Scotland. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sun-shiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered-in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.

CROWN'D with the fickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on; the Doric reed once more,

Well

Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wintery frost A
Nitrous prepar'd; the various-blossom'd Spring 5
Put in white promise forth; and Summer suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

Onflow! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song, 10
Would from the *Public Voice* thy gentle ear
A while engage. Thy noble care she knows,
The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow;
While listening senates hang upon thy tongue, 15
Devolving through the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods sweeter than her song.
But she too pants for public virtue; she,
Though weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,
Whene'er her country rushes on her heart, 20
Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days, 25
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year;
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook,
Of parting summer, a sereher blue, 30
With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft through lucid clouds
A pleasing calm; while broad, and brown, below 35
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:

A calm

A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow. 33
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;
 The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun
 By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
 And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
 A gaily-checker'd heart-expanding view, 40
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
 Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

These are thy blessings, Industry! rough power;
 Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain;
 Yet the kind source of every gentle art, 45
 And all the soft civility of life:
 Raifer of human-kind! by Nature cast,
 Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
 And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
 With various seeds of art deep in the mind 50
 Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
 Materials infinite; but idle all.
 Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast,
 Slept the lethargic powers; corruption still,
 Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand 55
 Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year:
 And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
 With beasts of prey; or for his acorn-meal
 Fought the fierce tusky boar; a shivering wretch!
 Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north, 60
 With winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
 Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost:
 Then to the shelter of the hut he fled;

And

And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away.
 For home he had not; home is the resort 65
 Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
 Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,
 And dear relations mingle into bliss.
 But this the rugged savage never felt,
 Ev'n desolate in crowds; and thus his days 70
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:
 A waste of time! till Industry approach'd,
 And rous'd him from his miserable sloth:
 His faculties unfolded; pointed out
 Where lavish Nature the directing hand 75
 Of Art demanded; shew'd him how to raise
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
 On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast; 80
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe;
 Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone;
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
 And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm, 85
 Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn;
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
 The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
 The life-refining soul of decent wit:
 Nor stop'd at barren bare necessity; 90
 But, still advancing bolder, led him on
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace;
 And, breathing high ambition through his soul,

Set

Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
And bade him be the Lord of all below.

95

Then gathering men their natural powers combin'd,
And form'd a Publick; to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the Patriot-Council met, the full,
The free, and fairly represented *whole*;
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
And, with joint force Oppression chaining, set
Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still
To them accountable; nor slavish dream'd
That toiling millions must resign their weal,
And all the honey of their search, to such
As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

100

105

Hence every form of cultivated life
In order set, protected, and inspir'd,
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurse of art! the city rear'd
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;
And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

110

Then Commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant; the big warehouse built;
Rais'd the strong crane; choak'd up the loaded street
With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O Thames,
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,

Like

Like a long wintery forest, groves of masts
 Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between 125
 Possess'd the breezy void; the footy hulk
 Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
 Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,
 The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings;
 While deep the various voice of fervent toil 130
 From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak
 To bear the British Thunder, black, and bold,
 The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
 Its ample roof; and Luxury within 135
 Pour'd out her glittering stores; the canvas smooth,
 With glowing life protuberant, to the view
 Embodied rose; the statue seem'd to breathe,
 And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
 Of forming art, imagination-flush'd. 140

All is the gift of Industry; whate'er
 Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
 Delightful. Pensive Winter chear'd by him
 Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
 Th' excluded tempest idly rave along; 145
 His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
 Without him Summer were an arid waste;
 Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus transmit
 Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
 That, waving round, recall my wandering song. 150

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
 And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day;
 Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,

In

In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate 155
 By nameless gentle offices her toil.
 At once they stoop and swell the lustry sheaves;
 While through their chearful band the rural talk,
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time, 160
 And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
 Behind the master walks, builds-up the shocks;
 And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
 His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there, 165
 Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
 Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but sling
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
 The liberal handful. Think, oh, grateful think!
 How good the God of Harvest is to you; 170
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
 While these unhappy partners of your kind
 Wide-hover round you like the fowls of heaven,
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns
 Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want 175
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
 And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
 For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
 Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven, 180
 She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale;

By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd. 185
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride:
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose, 190
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare,
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
 As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes, 195
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star 200
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
 Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament, 205
 But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close-embowering woods,
 As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills, 210
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,

The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, compel'd
 By strong Necessity's supreme command, 215
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went
 To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
 Palemon was, the generous, and the rich;
 Who led the rural life in all its joy
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song 220
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
 But free to follow nature was the mode.
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train 225
 To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd. 230
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field: 235
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

" What pity ! that so delicate a form,
 " By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
 " And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
 " Should be devoted to the rude embrace 240
 " Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,
 " Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind
 " Recalls that patron of my happy life,

" From

" From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
 " Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
 " And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.
 " 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
 " Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 " Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 " His aged widow and his daughter live,
 " Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 " Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!"

When, strict enquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak
 The mingled passions that surpriz'd his heart,
 And through his nerves in shivering transport ran?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
 Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

" And art thou then Acasto's dear remains?
 " She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
 " So long in vain? O, heavens! the very same,
 " The soften'd image of my noble friend,
 " Alive his every look, his every feature,
 " More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring!
 " Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
 " That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
 " In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn

" The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven?
 " Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;
 " Though poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
 " Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?
 " O let me now, into a richer soil,
 " Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns, and showers,
 " Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
 " And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
 " Ill it befits thee, oh, it ill befits
 " Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,
 " Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,
 " The father of a country, thus to pick
 " The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
 " Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
 " Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
 " But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;
 " The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;
 " If to the various blessings which thy house
 " Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
 " That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!

Here ceas'd the youth, yet still his speaking eye
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
 The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
 The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;

Amaz'd,

Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening hours:
Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair;
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

Defeating oft the labours of the year,
The sultry south collects a potent blast,
At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir,
Their trembling tops; and a still murmur runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn.
But as th' ærial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere,
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world:
Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves,
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale.
Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage,
Through all the sea of harvest rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
Though pliant to the blast, its seizing force;
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waste. And sometimes too a bufft of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
In one continuous flood. Still over head
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom; and still

The deluge deepens ; till the fields around
 Lie sunk, and flatted, in the fordid wave. 335
 Sudden, the ditches swell ; the meadows swim,
 Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
 Tumultuous roar ; and high above its banks
 The river lift ; before whose rushing tide,
 Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains, 340
 Roll mingled down ; all that the winds had spar'd
 In one wild moment ruin'd ; the big hopes,
 And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
 Fled to some eminence, the husbandman
 Helpless beholds the miserable wreck 345
 Driving along ; his drowning ox at once
 Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
 He sees ; and instant o'er his shivering thought
 Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
 Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then, 350
 Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
 That sinks you soft in elegance and ease ;
 Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad
 Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride ;
 And, oh ! be mindful of that sparing board, 355
 Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
 Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice !
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
 And all-involving winds have swept away.
 Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy, 360
 The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,
 Would tempt the Muse to sing the *rural game* :
 How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,

Stiff,

Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,
 Out-stretch'd, and finely sensible, *draws* full, 365
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey:
 As in the sun the circling covey bask
 Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,
 Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
 Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat 370
 Their idle wings, entangled more and more:
 Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
 Though borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun,
 Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye
 O'ertakes their sounding pinions; and again, 375
 Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
 Dead to the ground; or drives them wide-dispers'd,
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

These are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless song; 380
 Then most delighted, when she social sees
 The whole mix'd animal-creation round
 Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
 This falsely-chearful barbarous game of death;
 This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth 385
 Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
 When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
 Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,
 As if their conscious ravage shun'd the light,
 Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant man, 390
 Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
 Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath
 Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,

For sport alone pursues the cruel chace,
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days. 395
 Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
 For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
 But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
 To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew. 400

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
 Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat
 Retir'd: the rushy fen; the ragged furze,
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapt;
 The thistly lawn; the thick entangled broom; 405
 Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern;
 The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
 Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
 Vain is her best precaution; though she fits 410
 Conceal'd, with folded ears; unsleeping eyes,
 By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in;
 And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
 In act to spring away. The scented dew
 Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep, 415
 In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,
 With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
 The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
 The savage soul of game is up at once: 420
 The pack full-opening, various; the shrill horn
 Resounded from the hills; the neighing steed,
 Wild for the chace; and the loud hunter's shout;

O'er

O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all on yild ad T
Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy. 415

The stag too, singled from the herd, where long old
He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades, 420
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed id 10

He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear, W
Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight; 430

Against the breeze he darts, that way the more T
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind: 435

Deception short! though fleetier than the winds 0 h A
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountains by the north, 440

He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades, 455
And plunges deep into the wildest wood; 445

If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track 0
Hot-steaming, up behind him come again 450

Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth 0 I
Expel him, circling through his every shift. 440

He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing sees
The glades, mild opening to the golden day; 455

Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy. 460

Oft in the full-descending flood he tries 445
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides: 465

Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe. 470

What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more 480

Inspire the course; but fainting breathless toil,
Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay; 485

And puts his last weak refuge in despair. 490
The

The big round tears run down his dappled face;
 He groans in anguish; while the growling pack, 455
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
 And mark his beauteous checker'd sides with gore.

Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth,
 Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
 Must have the chace; behold, despising flight, 460
 The rous'd-up lion, resolute, and slow,
 Advancing full on the protended spear,
 And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
 Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
 See the grim wolf; on him his shaggy foe 465
 Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:

Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
 Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
 Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

These Britain knows not; give, ye Britons, then
 Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour
 Loose on the nightly robber of the fold:
 Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
 Let all the thunder of the chace pursue.

Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge 475
 High-bound, resistless; nor the deep morass
 Refuse, but through the shaking wilderness
 Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
 Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;
 And as you ride the torrent, to the banks 480
 Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,
 From rock to rock, in circling echos tost;
 Then scale the mountains to their woody tops;

Rush

Rush down the dangerous steep; and o'er the lawn,
In fancy swallowing up the space between,
Pour all your speed into the rapid game,
For happy he! who tops the wheeling chace;
Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
Disclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;
Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard,
Without complaint, though by an hundred mouths
Relentless torn: O glorious he, beyond
His daring peers! when the retreating horn
Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,
With woodland honours grac'd; the fox's fur,
Depending decent from the roof; and spread
Round the drear walls, with antick figures fierce,
The stag's large front: he then is loudest heard,
When the night staggers with severer toils,
With feats Thessalian Centaurs never knew,
And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide;
The tankards foam; and the strong table groans
Beneath the smoking surloin, stretch'd immense
From side to side; in which, with desperate knife,
They deep incision make, and talk the while
Of England's glory, ne'er to be defac'd
While hence they borrow vigour: or amain
Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,
If stomach keen can intervals allow,
Relating all the glories of the chace.
Then sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,

Swell'd

Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round
 A potent gale, delicious as the breath
 Of Maia to the love-sick shepherds,
 On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
 Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
 Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
 Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
 Of thirty years; and now his honest front
 Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
 Ev'n with the vineyard's best produce to vie,
 To cheat the thirsty moments, Whist a while
 Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke,
 Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick dice,
 In thunder leaping from the box, awake
 The sounding gammon: while romp-loving miss
 Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.
 At last these puling idlenesses laid
 Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
 Close in firm circle; and set, ardent, in
 For serious drinking. Nor evasion fly,
 Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch
 Indulg'd apart; but earnest, brimming bowls
 Lave every soul, the table floating round,
 And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
 Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
 Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
 Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses, hounds,
 To church or mistress, politics or ghost,
 In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
 Mean-time, with sudden interruption, loud,

Th'

Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart;
 That moment touch'd is every kindred soul;
 And, opening in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,
 The laugh, the flap, the jocund curse, go round;
 While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds
 Mix in the music of the day again.

As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep
 The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls:
 So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues

Unable to take up the cumbersome word,
 Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
 Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance;

Like the sun wading through the misty sky.
 Then sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,
 Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,

As if the table ev'n itself was drunk,
 Lie a wet broken scene; and wide, below,
 Is heap'd the social slaughter: where astride

The lubber Power in filthy triumph sits,
 Slumberous, inclining still from side to side,
 And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.

Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch,
 Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
 Out-lives them all; and from his bury'd flock

Retiring, full of rumination sad,
 Laments the weakness of these latter times.
 But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport

Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
 E'er stain the bosom of the British Fair.
 Far be the spirit of the chase from them!

Uncomely

Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill;
 To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed; 575
 The cap, the whip, the masculine attire;
 In which they roughen to the sense, and all
 The winning softness of their sex is lost.
 In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;
 With every motion, every word, to wave 580
 Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush;
 And from the smallest violence to shrink
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears;
 And by this silent adulation, soft,
 To their protection more engaging man. 585
 O may their eyes no miserable sight,
 Save weeping lovers, see! a nobler game,
 Through Love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled,
 In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs
 Float in the loose simplicity of dress! 590
 And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
 Know they to seize the captivated soul,
 In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
 To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,
 Disclosing motion in its every charm, 595
 To swim along, and swell the mazy dance;
 To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
 To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
 To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
 And heighten Nature's dainties: in their race 600
 To rear their graces into second life;
 To give society its highest taste;
 Well-order'd home man's best delight to make;
 And

And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
 With every gentle care-eluding art, 605
 To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
 And sweeten all the toils of human life:
 This be the female dignity, and praise.

Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel bank;
 Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook 610
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
 Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
 Ye virgins come. For you their latest song
 The woodlands raise; the clustering nuts for you
 The lover finds amid the secret shade; 615
 And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
 With active vigour crushes down the tree;
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
 A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
 As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair: 620
 Melinda's form'd with every grace complete,
 Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
 And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
 In chearful error, let us tread the maze 625
 Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taste, reviv'd,
 The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
 Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
 From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
 Incessant melts away. The juicy pear 630
 Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.
 A various sweetness swells the gentle race;
 By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd;

Of

Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air;
 In ever-changing composition mixt;
 Such, falling frequent through the chiller night,
 The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
 Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,
 Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
 A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
 Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
 The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue;
 Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,
 Phillips, Pomona's bard, the second thou,
 Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,
 With British freedom sing the British song:
 How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines
 Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer
 The wintry revels of the labouring hind,
 And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours.

In this glad season, while his sweetest beams
 The sun sheds equal o'er the meek'd day;
 Oh, lose me in the green delightful walks
 Of, Doddington, thy seat, serene, and plain;
 Where simple Nature reigns; and every view,
 Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,
 In boundless prospect: yonder shagg'd with wood,
 Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks!
 Meantime the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
 Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye.
 New beauties rise with each revolving day;
 New columns swell; and still the fresh Spring finds
 New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.

Full

Full of thy genius all the Muses' seat:
Where in the secret bower, and winding walk,
For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay;
Here wandering oft, fir'd with the restless thirst
Of thy applause, I solitary court
Th' inspiring breeze: and meditate the book
Of Nature ever open; aiming thence,
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.
Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,
Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought;
Presents the downy peach; the shining plumb;
The ruddy, fragrant nectarine; and dark,
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots;
Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south;
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.

Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent;
Where, by the potent sun elated high,
The vineyard swells refulgent on the day;
Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs,
Profuse; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heighten'd blaze.
Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
Half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray;

The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
 Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime; 695
 Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
 Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats,
 And foams unbounded with the mazy flood;
 That, by degrees fermented and refin'd,
 Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy: 700
 The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
 In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
 The mellow-tasted Burgundy; and quick,
 As is the wit it gives, the gay champaign.
 Now, by the cool declining year condens'd, 705
 Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
 As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
 And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
 No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
 Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides, 710
 And high between contending kingdoms rears
 The rocky long division, fills the view
 With great variety; but in a night
 Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
 Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far, 715
 The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain:
 Vanish the woods; the dim-seen river seems
 Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.
 Ev'n in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun
 Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray; 720
 Whence glaring oft, with many a broaden'd orb,
 He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
 Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life

Objects

Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, fits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,
A formless grey confusion covers all.
As when of old (so sung the Hebrew Bard)
Light, uncollected, through the chaos urg'd
Its infant way; nor Order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

These roving mists, that constant now begin
To smoke along the hilly country, these,
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,
The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores
Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks;
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
Some sages say, that, where the numerous wave
For ever lashes the resounding shore,
Drill'd through the sandy stratum, every way,
The waters with the sandy stratum rise;
Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,
They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
And clear and sweeten, as they soak along.
Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
Though oft amidst th' irriguous vale it springs;
But to the mountain courted by the sand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent-main, it boils again
Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill

Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
 Amusive dream! why should the waters love 755
 To take so far a journey to the hills,
 When the sweet vallies offer to their toil
 Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?
 Or if, by blind ambition led astray,
 They must aspire; why should they sudden stop 760
 Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
 And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
 Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so long?
 Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,
 The spoil of ages, would impervious choak 765
 Their secret channels; or, by slow degrees,
 High as the hills protrude the swelling vales:
 Old Ocean too, suck'd through the porous globe,
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
 And brought Deucalion's watery times again. 770

Say then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,
 That, like creating Nature, lie conceal'd
 From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
 Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes?
 O, thou pervading Genius, given to man, 775
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,
 O, lay the mountains bare! and wide display
 Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view!
 Strip from the branching Alps their piny load;
 The huge incumbrance of horrific woods 780
 From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd
 Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds!
 Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,

And

And high Olympus pouting many a stream !
 O, from the sounding summits of the north, 785
 The Dofrine Hills, through Scandinavia roll'd
 To farthest Lapland and the frozen main ;
 From lofty Caucasus, far-seen by those
 Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil ;
 From cold Riphean Rocks, which the wild Rufs 790
 Believes the * *stony girdle* of the world ;
 And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,
 Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods ;
 O, sweep th' eternal snows ! Hung o'er the deep,
 That ever works beneath his sounding base, 795
 Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,
 His subterranean wonders spread, I unveil
 The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
 Of Abyffinia's cloud compelling cliffs,
 And of the bending † Mountains of the Moon ! 800
 O'ertopping all these giant fons of earth,
 Let the dire Andes, from the radiant line
 Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
 The fouthern pole, their hideous deeps unfold !
 Amazing fcene ! Behold ! the glooms difclofe, 805
 I fee the rivers in their infant beads !
 Deep, deep I hear them, labouring to get free !
 I fee the leaning ftrata, artful rang'd ;

* The Mufcovites call the Riphean Mountains We-
 liki Camenypoys, that is, *the great ftony Girdle*: be-
 caufe they fuppofe them to encompass the whole earth.

† A range of mountains in Africa, that furround al-
 moft all Monomotapa.

The gaping fissures to receive the rains,
 The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs. 810
 Strow'd bibulous above I see the sands,
 The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
 Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
 The gutter'd rocks, and mazy-running clefts;
 That, while the stealing moisture they transmit, 815
 Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.
 Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains,
 I see the rocky syphons stretch'd immense,
 The mighty reservoirs, of harden'd chalk,
 Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd. 820
 O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
 The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
 Through the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst;
 And welling out, around the middle steep,
 Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills, 825
 In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
 Th' exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air,
 The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
 These vapours in continual current draw,
 And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth, 830
 In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
 A social commerce hold, and firm support
 The full-adjusted harmony of things.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
 Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play 835
 The swallow-people; and tofs'd wide around,
 O'er the calm sky, in convulsion swift,
 The feather'd eddy floats: rejoicing once,

Ere

Ere to their wintery slumbers they retire;
 In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank, 840
 And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats,
 Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
 With other kindred birds of season, there
 They twitter chearful, till the vernal months
 Invite them welcome back : for, thronging, now 845
 Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force
 In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
 By diligence amazing, and the strong
 Unconquerable hand of Liberty, 850
 The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,
 Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
 Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky.
 And now their rout design'd, their leaders chose,
 Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings;
 And many a circle, many a short essay,
 Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
 The figur'd flight ascends; and, riding high
 Th' aërial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the Northern ocean, in vast whirls, 860
 Boils round the naked melancholy isles
 Of farthest Thulé, and th' Atlantic surge
 Pours in among the stormy Hebrides;
 Who can recount what transmutations there
 Are annual made? what nations come and go? 865
 And how the living clouds on clouds arise?
 Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air
 And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.

Here the plain harmless native his small flock;
 And herd diminutive of many hues,
 Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
 The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or, to the rocks
 Dire-clinging, gathers his avarious food;
 Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up
 The plumage, rising full, to form the bed
 Of luxury. And here a while the Muse,
 High hovering o'er the broad coerulean scene,
 Sees Caledonia, in romantic view:
 Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
 Invested with a keen diffusive sky,
 Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,
 Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
 Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
 Pour'd out extensive, and of watery wealth
 Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;
 With many a cool translucent brimming flood
 Wash'd lovely from the Tweed (*pure parent stream,*
 Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,
 With, sylvan Jed, thy tributary brook)
 To where the north-inflated tempest foams
 O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak:
 Nurse of a people, in misfortune's school
 Train'd up to hardy deeds; soon visited
 By Learning, when before the Gothic rage
 She took her western flight. A manly race,
 Of unsubmitting spirit, wise, and brave;
 Who still through bleeding ages struggled hard,
 (As well unhappy Wallace can attest,

Great

Great patriot-hero! ill-requited chief!)
 To hold a generous undiminish'd state; 900
 Too much in vain! Hence of unequal bounds
 Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
 O'er every land, for every land their life
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,
 And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil. 905
 As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
 Bright over Europe bursts the Boreal Morn.

Oh, is there not some patriot, in whose power
 That best, that godlike Luxury is plac'd,
 Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn, 910
 Through late posterity? some, large of soul,
 To cheer dejected industry? to give
 A double harvest to the pining swain?
 And teach the labouring hind the sweets of toil?
 How, by the finest art, the native robe 915
 To weave; how, white as Hyperborean snow,
 To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar
 How to dash wide the billow; nor look on,
 Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets
 Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms, 920
 That heave our friths, and crowd upon our shores;
 How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
 The prosperous sail, from every growing port,
 Uninjur'd, round the sea-encircled globe;
 And thus, in soul united as in name, 925
 Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep?

Yes, there are such. And full on thee, Argyll,
 Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
 From

From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
 Thy fond imploring country turns her eye; 930
 In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
 Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
 Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,
 Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
 Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat 935
 Of sulphurous war, on Teniers' dreadful field.
 Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow:
 For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate;
 While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth, 940
 The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
 Thee, Forbes, too, whom every worth attends,
 As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind,
 Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
 Thy country feels through her reviving arts, 945
 Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd;
 And seldom has she known a friend like thee.

But see the fading many-colour'd woods,
 Shade deepening over shade, the country round
 Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun, 950
 Of every hue, from wan-declining green
 To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
 Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
 And give the season in its latest view.

Meantime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm 955
 Fleeces unbounded aether; whose least wave
 Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
 The gentle current: while illumin'd wide,

The

The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And through their lucid veil his soften'd force 960
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For those whom wisdom and whom Nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet; 965
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse.
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late 975
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a full despondent flock;
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note. 980
O, let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground! 985

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;

Oft

Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
 And slowly circles through the waving air. 990
 But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
 Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
 Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary shower,
 The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
 Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak. 995
 Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
 And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
 Their sunny robes resign. Ev'n what remain'd
 Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree;
 And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around 1000
 The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes! he comes! in every breeze the Power
 Of Philosophic Melancholy comes!
 His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
 The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air, 1005
 The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
 Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
 O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes!
 Inflames imagination; through the breast
 Infuses every tenderness; and far 1010
 Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
 Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
 As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
 Crowd fast into the Mind's creative eye.
 As fast the correspondent passions rise, 1015
 As varied, and as high: Devotion rais'd
 To rapture, and divine astonishment;
 The love of nature unconfin'd, and, chief,

Of human race; the large ambitious wish,
To make them blest; the sigh for suffering worth 1020
Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn
Of tyrant-pride; the fearless great resolve;
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inspiring glory through remotest time;
Th' awaken'd throb for virtue, and for fame; 1025
The sympathies of love, and friendship dear;
With all the *social offspring of the heart*.

Oh, bear me to vast embowering shades,
To twilight groves, and visionary vales;
To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms; 1030
Where angel forms athwart the solemn dusk
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along;
And voices more than human, through the void
Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear!

Or is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye powers,
That o'er the garden and the rural seat
Preside, which shining through the cheerful land
In countless numbers blest Britannia sees;
O, lead me to the wide-extended walks,
The fair majestic paradise of Stowe*! 1040
Not Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore
E'er saw such sylvan scenes; such various art
By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd
By cool judicious art; that, in the strife,
All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone. 1045
And there, O Pitt, thy country's early boast,

* The seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.

There let me sit beneath the shelter'd slopes,
 Or in that * Temple where, in future times,
 Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name;
 And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles
 Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
 While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,
 The regulated wild, gay Fancy then
 Will tread in thought the groves of Attic Land;
 Will from thy standard taste refine her own,
 Correct her pencil to the purest truth
 Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades
 Forfaking, raise it to the human mind;
 Or if hereafter she, with *juster* hand,
 Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou,
 To mark the varied movements of the heart,
 What every decent character requires,
 And every passion speaks: O, through her strain
 Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds
 Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,
 Of honest zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
 And shakes corruption on her venal throne.
 While thus we talk, and through Elysian Vales
 Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes:
 What pity, Cobham, thou thy verdant files
 Of order'd trees shouldst here inglorious range,
 Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
 And long embattled hosts! when the proud foe,
 The faithless vain disturber of mankind,

* The temple of Virtue in Stowe-Gardens.

Insulting

Insulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war; 1075
When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,
The British Youth would hail thy wise command,
Thy temper'd ardor, and thy veteran skill.

The western sun withdraws the shorten'd day; 1080
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along 1085
The dusky-mantled lawn. Mean-while the moon
Full-orb'd, and breaking through the scatter'd clouds,
Shews her broad visage in the crimson'd east.

Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube descries,
A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cœrulean rides sublime. 1095
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world. 1100

But when half blotted from the sky her light,
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn
With keener lustre through the depth of heaven;
Or near extinct her deaden'd orb appears,

And

And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white;
 Oft in this season, silent from the north
 A blaze of meteors shoots: ensweeping first
 The lower skies, they all at once converge
 High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
 Relapsing quick as quickly reascend,
 And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
 All æther coursing in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious through the crowd,
 The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
 Th' appearance throws: armies in meet array,
 Throng'd with aerial spears and steeds of fire;
 Till the long lines of full-extended war
 In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood
 Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
 As thus they scan the visionary scene,
 On all sides swells the superstitious din,
 Incontinent; and busy frenzy talks
 Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd,
 And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk;
 Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame;
 Of fallow famine, inundation, storm;
 Of pestilence, and every great distress;
 Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck
 Th' unalterable hour: ev'n Nature's self
 Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.
 Not so the man of philosophic eye,
 And inspect sage; the waving brightness he
 Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
 The causes, and materials, yet unfix'd,

A U T U M N.

945

Of this appearance beautiful and new.

1135

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,
A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.

Order confounded lies; all beauty void;

Distinction lost; and gay variety

1140

One universal blot: such the fair power

Of light, to kindle and create the whole.

Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,

Who then, bewilder'd, wanders through the dark,

Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge;

1145

Nor visited by one directive ray,

From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.

Perhaps, impatient as he stumbles on,

Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,

The wild-fire scatters round, or gather'd trails

1150

A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss:

Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,

Now lost, and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,

Rider and horse, amid the miry gulph:

While still, from day to day, his pining wife

1155

And plaintive children his return await,

In wild conjecture lost. At other times,

Sent by the *better Genius* of the night,

Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,

The meteor sits; and shews the narrow path,

1160

That winding leads through pits of death, or else

Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

The lengthen'd night claps'd, the morning shines

Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,

VOL. I.

L

Unfolding

Unfolding fair the last autumnal day. 1163
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
And hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

Ah, see, where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit
Lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
And fix'd o'er sulphur: while, not dreaming ill,
The happy people, in their waxen cells,
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes 1175
Of temperance, for Winter poor; rejoic'd
To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends;
And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
By thousands, tumble from their honey'd domes, 1180
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd
Ceaseless the burning Summer-heats away?
For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste, 1185
Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?
O, man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long,
Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
Awaiting renovation? when oblig'd,
Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food 1190
Can you not borrow; and, in just return,
Afford them shelter from the wintry winds?
Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
Again regale them on some smiling day?

See

See where the stony bottom of their town 1195
Looks desolate, and wild; with here and there
A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy, 1200
At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,
(As late, Palermo, was thy fate) is seiz'd
By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd
Sheer from the black foundation, stench involv'd,
Into a gulph of blue sulphureous flame. 1205

Hence every harsher sight! for now the day,
O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high,
Infinite splendor! wide investing all.
How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain. 1210
How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd
With a peculiar blue! th' ethereal arch
How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd
The radiant sun how gay! how calm below
The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all 1215
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;
And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd.
While, loose to festive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth, 1220
Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth,
By the quick sense of music taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,

Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich, 1225
Darts not unmeaning looks; and, where her eye
Points an approving smile, with double force,
The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
Age too shines out; and, garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think
That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceasing round.

Oh, knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he! who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a *choice few* retir'd, 1235
Drinks the pure pleasures of the Rural Life.
What though the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourse! What though the glittering robe,
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?
What though, from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life 1245
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury and death? what though his bowl
Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state? 1250
What though he knows not those fantastic joys,
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?

Sure

Sure peace is his ; a solid life, estrang'd 1255
 To disappointment, and fallacious hope :
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
 In herbs and fruits ; whatever greens the Spring,
 When heaven descends in showers ; or bends the bough
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams ;
 Or in the wintery glebe whatever lies
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap :
 These are not wanting ; nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale ;
 Nor bleating mountains ; nor the chide of streams,
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay ;
 Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
 Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear. 1270
 Here too dwells simple truth ; plain innocence ;
 Unfollied beauty ; sound unbroken youth,
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd ;
 Health ever blooming ; unambitious toil ;
 Calm contemplation, and poetic ease. 1275

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
 And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
 Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
 Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek ;
 Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail, 1280
 The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
 Let some, far distant from their native soil,
 Urg'd or by want or harden'd avarice,
 Find other lands beneath another sun.

Let *this* through cities work his eager way, 1285
 By legal outrage and establish'd guile,
 The social sense extinct; and *that* ferment
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
 Or melt them down to slavery. Let *these*
 Insnare the wretched in the toils of law, 1290
 Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
 An iron race! and *those* of fairer front,
 But equal inhumanity, in courts,
 Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
 Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile, 1295
 And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
 While he, from all the stormy passions free
 That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
 At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
 Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
 The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
 Move not the man, who, from the world escap'd,
 In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
 To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
 And day to day, through the revolving year; 1305
 Admiring, sees her in her every shape;
 Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
 He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
 Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale, 1310
 Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
 He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
 And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
 In Summer he, beneath the living shade,

Such

Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave, 1315
 Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse, of these, is
 Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
 Or what she dictates writes: and oft, an eye
 Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
 When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world, 1320
 And tempts the fickle swain into the field,
 Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
 With gentle throws; and through the tepid gleams
 Deep musing, then he *best* exerts his song:
 Ev'n Winter wild to him is full of bliss. 1325
 The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
 Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
 Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
 Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,
 Pours every lustre on th' exalted eye. 1330
 A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
 And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
 O'er land and sea imagination roams;
 Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
 Elates his being, and unfolds his powers; 1335
 Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
 The touch of kindred too and love he feels;
 The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
 Extatic shine; the little strong embrace
 Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck, 1340
 And emulous to please him, calling forth
 The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
 For happiness and true philosophy

Are of the social still, and smiling kind, 1345
 This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
 And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
 Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
 When angels dwelt, and God himself, with man!
 Oh, Nature! all-sufficient! over all! 1350
 Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
 Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
 World beyond world, in infinite extent,
 Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
 Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws, 1355
 Give me to scan; through the disclosing deep
 Light my blind way; the mineral *strata* there;
 Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
 O'er that the rising system, more complex,
 Of animals; and higher still, the mind, 1360
 The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
 And where the mixing passions endless shift;
 These ever open to my ravish'd eye;
 A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
 But if to that unequal; if the blood, 1365
 In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
 That *best* ambition; under closing shades,
 Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
 And whisper to my dreams. From Thee begin,
 Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my song;
 And let me never, never stray from Thee!

WINTER.

W I N T E R. 1726.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The subject proposed. Address to the earl of Wil-
mington. First approach of Winter. According to
the natural course of the season, various storms de-
scribed. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of
the snows: a man perishing among them; whence re-
flections on the wants and miseries of human life.
The wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines.
A winter evening described: as spent by philoso-
phers; by the country people; in the city. Frost.
A view of Winter within the Polar Circle. A thaw.
The whole concluding with moral reflections on a
future state.

SEE, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train:
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my theme,
These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms! 5
Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my chearful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd through your rough domain;

Trod

Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure;
 Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
 Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd,
 In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
 Till through the lucid chambers of the south 15
 Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smil'd.
 To thee, the patron of *her first essay*,
 The Muse, O Wilmington! renews her song.
 Since has she rounded the revolving year;
 Skim'd the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne, 20
 Attempted through the Summer-blaze to rise;
 Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale;
 And now among the wintery clouds again,
 Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;
 To swell her note with all the rushing winds; 25
 To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;
 As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
 Thrice happy! could she fill thy judging ear
 With bold description, and with manly thought.
 Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone, 30
 And how to make a mighty people thrive:
 But equal goodness, sound integrity,
 A firm unshaken uncorrupted soul
 Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
 Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal, 35
 A steady spirit regularly free;
 These, each exalting each, the statesman light
 Into the patriot; these, the public hope
 And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
 Record what envy dares not flattery call. 40

Now

Now when the chearless empire of the sky
 To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
 And fierce Aquarius stains th' inverted year;
 Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
 Scarce spreads through æther the dejected day. 45
 Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
 His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
 Through the thick air; as, cloath'd in cloudy storm,
 Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;
 And, soon-descending, to the long dark night, 50
 Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
 Nor is the night unwish'd; while vital heat,
 Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
 Meantime, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
 Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds, 55
 And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,
 Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
 A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
 Through nature shedding influence malign,
 And rouses up the seeds of dark disease. 60
 The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,
 And black with more than melancholy views.
 The cattle droop; and o'er the furrow'd land,
 Fresh from the plough, the dun discolour'd flocks,
 Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root. 65
 Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
 Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm;
 And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
 And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
 And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan, 70
 Resounding

Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.

Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
 Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure
 Drive through the mingling skies with vapour foul;
 Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods, 75
 That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly plain
 Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
 Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
 Combine, and deepening into night shut up
 The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven, 80
 Each to his home, retire; save those that love
 To take their pastime in the troubled air,
 Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
 The cattle from th' untasted fields return,
 And ask, with meaning lowe, their wonted stalls, 85
 Or ruminat in the contiguous shade.
 Thither the household feathery people crowd,
 The crested cock, with all his female train,
 Pensive, and dripping; while the cottage-hind
 Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there 90
 Recounts his simple frolick: much he talks,
 And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
 Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
 And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread, 95
 At last the rous'd-up river pours along:
 Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
 From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
 Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
 Then o'er the fanded valley floating spreads, 100
 Calm,

Calm, sluggish, silent; till again, constrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!
That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings! 110
Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
Where are your stores, ye powerful beings! say,
Where your aerial magazines reserv'd,
To swell the brooding terrors of the storm? 115
In what far-distant region of the sky,
Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm?

When from the pallid sky the sun descends,
With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery streaks 120
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
Which master to obey: while rising slow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns. 125
Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,
The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray;
Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf; 130
And

And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
With broaden'd nostrils to the sky up-turn'd,
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
Ev'n as the matron, at her nightly task,
With penfive labour draws the flaxen thread, 135
The wasted taper and the crackling flame
Foretell the blast. But chief the plumy race,
The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train 140
Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
And seek the closing shelter of the grove;
Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.
Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing
The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves; while from the shore,
Eat into caverns by the restless wave, 150
And forest-rustling mountains, comes a voice,
That solemn sounding bids the world prepare.
Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated air,
Down, in a torrent. On the passive main 155
Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust
Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.
Through the black night that sits immense around,
Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn: 160

Meantime

Meantime the mountain-billows to the clouds
 In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
 Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
 And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,
 Wild as the winds across the howling waste 165
 Of mighty waters: now th' inflated wave
 Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
 Into the secret chambers of the deep,
 The wintery Baltick thundering o'er their head.
 Emerging thence again, before the breath 170
 Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,
 And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,
 Or shoal insidious break not their career,
 And in loose fragments fling them floating round,
 Nor less at land the loosen'd tempest reigns. 175
 The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
 Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
 The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,
 And, often falling, climbs against the blast. 180
 Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
 What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain;
 Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
 Thus struggling through the dissipated grove, 185
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
 And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
 Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
 Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking dome,
 For entrance eager, howls the savage blast. 190
 Then

Then too, they say, through all the burthen'd air,
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
 That, utter'd by the demon of the night,
 Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds commixt
 With stars swift gliding sweep along the sky.
 All nature reels. Till Nature's King, who oft
 Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
 And on the wings of the careering wind
 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm; 200
 Then strait air, sea, and earth, are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
 Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
 Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
 Let me associate with the serious Night, 205
 And Contemplation her sedate compeer;
 Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
 And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
 Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train! 210
 Where are you now? and what is your amount?
 Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
 Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded man,
 A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
 And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd, 215
 With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

Father of light and life! thou Good supreme!
 O, teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
 From every low pursuit! and feed my soul 220
 With

With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

The keener tempests rise: and, fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb 225
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.
Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes 230
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low, the woods 235
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox 240
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone, 245
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first 250

Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
 On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
 Till, more familiar grown, the table-crums 255
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
 And more un pitying men, the garden seeks, 260
 Urg'd-on by fearless want. The bleating kind
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
 With looks of dumb despair; then, sad-dispers'd,
 Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind;
 Baffle the raging year, and fill their pennis
 With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
 And watch them strict: for from the bellowing east,
 In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
 Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintery plains 270
 At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
 Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
 The billowy tempest whelms; till, upward urg'd,
 The valley to a shining mountain swells,
 Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the sky. 275

As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,
 All Winter drives along the darken'd air;
 In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
 Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
 Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes, 280

Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain :
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray ;
 Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps, 285
 Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !
 What black despair, what horror, fills his heart !
 When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd 290
 His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the track, and blest abode of man ;
 While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And every tempest, howling o'er his head, 295
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
 Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
 Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost ;
 Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge, 300
 Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land, unknown,
 What water of the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks 305
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
 Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots
 Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen. 310

In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their fire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas! 315

Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse, 320
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah, little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste; 325
Ah, little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death
And all the sad variety of pain.

How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed, 330
By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread 335

Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintery winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse; 340

Whence

Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the Tragic Muse.

Ev'n in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop 345

In deep retir'd distress. How many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,

That one incessant struggle render life, 350

One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,

Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,

And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;

The conscious heart of Charity would warm,

And her wide wish Benevolence dilate; 355

The social tear would rise, the social sigh;

And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,

Refining still, the social passions work.

And here can I forget the generous * band,

Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd

Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?

Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans;

Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn,

And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.

While in the land of liberty, the land 365

Whose every street and public meeting glow

With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd;

Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;

* The Gaol Committee, in the year 1729.

Tore from cold wintery limbs the tatter'd weed;
 Ev'n robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep; 370
 The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
 Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
 At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;
 And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
 That for their country would have toil'd, or bled. 375
 O, great design! if executed well,
 With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.
 Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;
 Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
 Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod, 380
 And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
 Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
 Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
 The toils of law, (what dark insidious men
 Have cumberous added to perplex the truth, 385
 And lengthen simple justice into trade)
 How glorious were the day! that saw these broke,
 And every man within the reach of right.
 By wintery famine rous'd, from all the tract
 Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps, 390
 And wavy Appenine, and Pyrenees,
 Branch out stupendous into distant lands;
 Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
 Burning for blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!
 Assembling wolves in raging troops descend; 395
 And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
 Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
 All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,

Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
 Nor can the bull his awful front defend, 400
 Or shake the murdering savages away.
 Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
 And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
 The godlike face of man avails him nought.
 Ev'n beauty, force divine ! at whose bright glance 405
 The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze,
 Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
 But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
 The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
 On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate !) 410
 The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
 The shrouded body from the grave ; o'er which,
 Mix'd with foul shades, and frightened ghosts, they howl.

Among those hilly regions, where embrac'd
 In peaceful vales the happy Grisons dwell ; 415
 Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
 Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.
 From steep to steep, loud-thundering down they come,
 A wintery waste in dire commotion all ;
 And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains, 420
 And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
 Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
 Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
 In the wild depth of winter, while without 425
 The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,
 Between the groaning forest and the shore
 Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,

A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene;
 Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join, 430
 To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
 And hold high converse with the Mighty Dead;
 Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,
 As gods beneficent, who blest mankind
 With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world. 435
 Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside
 The long-liv'd volume; and, deep-musing, hail
 The sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass
 Before my wondering eyes. First Socrates,
 Who, firmly good in a corrupted state, 440
 Against the rage of tyrants *single* stood,
 Invincible! calm Reason's holy law,
 That *voice* of God within th' attentive mind,
 Obeying, fearless, or in life, or death:
 Great moral teacher! *wisest of mankind!* 445
 Solon the next, who built his common-weal
 On equity's wide base; by *tender laws*
 A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd
 Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
 Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts, 450
 And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,
 The pride of smiling Greece, and human-kind.
 Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the force
 Of strictest discipline, *severely wise*,
 All human passions. Following him, I see, 455
 As at Thermopylae he glorious fell,
 The firm * devoted Chief, who prov'd by deeds

* Leonidas.

The

The hardest lesson which the *other* taught.
 Then Aristides lifts his honest front;
 Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice 460
 Of freedom gave the noblest name of Just;
 In pure majestic poverty rever'd;
 Who, ev'n his glory to his country's weal
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty **rival's* fame.
 Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears 465
 Cimon sweet-soul'd; whose genius, rising strong,
 Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
 The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend
 Of every worth and every splendid art;
 Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth. 470
 Then the last worthies of declining Greece,
 Late call'd to glory, in *unequal* times,
 Pensive, appear. The fair Corinthian boast,
 Timoleon, happy temper! mild, and firm,
 Who wept the *brother* while the *tyrant* bled. 475
 And, equal to the best, the † Theban Pair,
 Whose virtues, in *heroic concord* join'd,
 Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
 He too, with whom Athenian honour sunk;
 And left a mass of sordid lees behind, 480
 Phocion the Good; in public life severe,
 To virtue still inexorably firm;
 But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
 Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooch'd his brow,
 Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind. 485

* Themistocles. † Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

And

And he, the *last* of old Lycurgus' sons,
 The generous victim to that vain attempt,
 To *save a rotten state*, Agis, who saw
 Ev'n Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.

The two Achaian heroes close the train: 490

Aratus, who a while relum'd the soul
 Of fondly lingering liberty in Greece:

And he her darling as her latest hope,

The *gallant* Philopœmen; who to arms

Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure; 495

Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain;

Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.

Of rougher front, a mighty people come!

A race of heroes! in those virtuous times

Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame 500

Their *dearest* country they too fondly lov'd:

Her *better founder* first, the light of Rome,

Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons:

Servius the King, who laid the solid base

On which o'er earth the *vast republic* spread. 505

Then the great consuls venerable rise.

The * Public Father who the Private quell'd,

As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.

He, whom his thankless country *could not* lose,

Camillus, only vengeful to her foes. 510

Fabricius, scorner of all-conquering gold;

And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough.

Thy † willing Victim, Carthage, bursting loose

* Marcus Junius Brutus. † Regulus.

From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
 From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith
 Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.
 Scipio, the *gentle chief*, humanely brave,
 Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
 And, warm in youth, to the *poetic shade*
 With Friendship and Philosophy retir'd.
 Tully, whose powerful eloquence a while
 Restrain'd the *rapid* fate of rushing Rome.
 Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in *extreme*.
 And thou, unhappy Brutus, kind of heart,
 Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd,
 Lifted the Roman *steel* against thy friend.
 Thousands besides the tribute of a verse
 Demand; but who can count the stars of heaven?
 Who sing their influence on this lower world?
 Behold, who yonder comes! in sober state,
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun:
 'Tis Phœbus self, or else the Mantuan Swain!
 Great Homer too appears, of daring wing,
 Parent of song! and *equal* by his side,
 The British Muse; join'd hand in hand they walk,
 Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame.
 Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch
 Pathetic drew th' impassion'd heart, and charm'd
 Transported Athens with the moral scene:
 Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting lyre.
 First of your kind! society divine!
 Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,
 And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.
 Silence,

Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;
See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude, 545
Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,
Learning digested well, exalted faith,
Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.
Or from the Muses' hill will Pope descend, 550
To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
And with the social spirit warm the heart?
For though not sweeter his own Homer sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song.
Where art thou, Hammond? thou the darling pride,
The friend and lover of the tuneful throng!
Ah, why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime
Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon? 560
What now avails that noble thirst of fame,
Which stung thy fervent breast? that treasur'd store
Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal
To serve thy country, glowing in the band
Of Youthful Patriots, who sustain her name? 565
What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm
Of sprightly wit? that rapture for the Muse,
That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile?
Ah! only shew'd, to check our fond pursuits, 570
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!

Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul,

Or

Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd :
 With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame
 Was call'd, late-rising from the void of night,
 Or sprung *eternal* from th' Eternal Mind ;
 Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
 Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
 Would, gradual, open on our opening minds ; 580
 And each diffusive harmony unite
 In full perfection to th' astonish'd eye.
 Then would we try to scan the *moral world*,
 Which, though to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
 In higher order ; fitted, and impell'd, 585
 By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
 In *general good*. The sage historic Muse
 Should next conduct us through the deeps of time :
 Shew us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
 In scatter'd states ; what makes the nations smile, 590
 Improves their soil, and gives them double suns ;
 And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
 In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
 Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
 The portion of divinity, that ray 595
 Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
 Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,
 In powerless humble fortune, to repress
 These ardent risings of the kindling soul ;
 Then, ev'n superior to ambition, we 600
 Would learn the private virtues ; how to glide
 Through shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
 Of rural life : or snatch'd away by hope,
 Through

Through the dim spaces of futurity,
 With earnest eye anticipate those scenes
 Of happiness, and wonder; where the mind,
 In endless growth and infinite ascent,
 Rises from state to state, and world to world.
 But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
 We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes
 Of frolic fancy; and incessant form
 Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
 Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
 Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprize;
 Or folly-painting Humour, grave himself,
 Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.

Meantime the village rouses up the fire;
 While well attested, and as well believ'd,
 Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round;
 Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.
 Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
 The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
 The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
 Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;
 The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid,
 On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep:
 The leap, the slap, the haul; and, shook to notes
 Of native music, the respondent dance.
 Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

The city swarms intense. The public haunt,
 Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse,
 Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
 Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,

To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
 The gaming fury falls; and in one gulph 633
 Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
 Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.
 Up-springs the dance along the lighted dome,
 Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
 The glittering court effuses every pomp; 640
 The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
 Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:
 While, a gay insect in *his* summer-shine,
 The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.

Dread o'er the scene, the ghost of Hamlet stalks;
 Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;
 And Belvidera pours her soul in love.
 Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear
 Steals o'er the cheek: or else the Comic Muse 650
 Holds to the world a picture of itself,
 And raises fly the fair impartial laugh.
 Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
 Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
 Or charm the heart, in generous * Bevil shew'd. 655

O, thou, whose wisdom, solid yet refin'd,
 Whose patriot-virtues, and consummate skill
 To touch the finer springs that move the world,
 Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow,
 And all Apollo's animating fire, 660
 Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine

* A character in the *Conscious-Lovers*, written by
 Sir Richard Steele.

At

At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
 Of polish'd life; permit the Rural Muse,
 O Chesterfield, to grace with thee her song !
 Ere to the shades again she humbly flies, 665
 Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,
 (For every Muse has in thy train a place)
 To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind :
 To mark that spirit, which, with British scorn,
 Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power ; 670
 That elegant politeness, which excels,
 Ev'n in the judgement of presumptuous France,
 The boasted manners of her shining court ;
 That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
 The truth of Nature, which, with Attic point, 675
 And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
 Steals through the soul, and without pain corrects.
 Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
 O, let me hail thee on some glorious day,
 When to the listening senate, ardent, crowd 680
 Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.
 Then dress'd by thee, more amiably fair,
 Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears :
 Thou to assenting reason giv'st again
 Her own enlighten'd thoughts; call'd from the heart,
 Th' obedient passions on thy voice attend ;
 And ev'n reluctant party feels a while
 Thy gracious power : as through the varied maze
 Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
 Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood. 690
 To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse :

For

For now, behold, the joyous winter-days,
 Frosty, succeed; and through the blue serene,
 For sight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies;
 Killing infectious damps, and the spent air 695
 Storing afresh with elemental life.
 Close crowds the shining atmosphere; and binds
 Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,
 Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood;
 Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves, 700
 In swifter sallies darting to the brain;
 Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
 Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
 All nature feels the renovating force
 Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye
 In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe 705
 Draws-in abundant vegetable soul,
 And gathers vigour for the coming year.
 A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
 Of ruddy fire: and luculent along 710
 The purer rivers flow; their sullen deeps,
 Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

What art thou, frost? and whence are thy keen stores
 Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading power, 715
 Whom ev'n th' illusive fluid cannot fly?
 Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
 Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
 Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
 Through water, earth, and æther? Hence at eve, 720
 Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,

With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,
 An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
 Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
 Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice,
 Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,
 Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank
 Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
 A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
 Cemented firm; till, seiz'd from shore to shore,
 The whole imprison'd river grows below.
 Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
 A double noise; while, at his evening watch,
 The village dog deters the nightly thief;
 The heifer lows; the distant water-fall
 Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread
 Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
 Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
 Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
 Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope
 Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
 From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
 Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
 And seizes nature fast. It freezes on;
 Till morn, late-rising o'er the drooping world,
 Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
 The various labour of the silent night:
 Prone from the dripping cave, and dumb cascade,
 Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
 The pendent icicle; the frost-work fair,
 Where transient hues and fancy'd figures rise;

Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;
The forest bent beneath the plumy wave;
And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow,
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

On blithsome frolics bent, the youthful swains,
While every work of man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
And revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train! the raptur'd boy
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
The *then gay* land is madden'd all to joy.
Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long-resounding course. Meantime, to raise
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
Or Russia's buxom daughters glow around.

Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day;
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun;
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon:

And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff:
 His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
 Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
 Relents a while to the reflected ray; 785
 Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
 Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
 Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
 Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,
 And dog impatient bounding at the shot, 790
 Worse than the season, desolate the fields;
 And, adding to the ruins of the year,
 Distress the footed or the feather'd game.

But what is this? Our infant Winter sinks,
 Divested of his grandeur, should our eye 795
 Astonish'd shoot into the Frigid Zone;
 Where, for relentless months, continual night
 Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

There, through the prison of unbounded wilds,
 Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape, 800
 Wide-rooms the Russian exile. Nought around
 Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow;
 And heavy-loaded groves; and solid floods,
 That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,
 Their icy horrors to the frozen main; 805
 And cheerless towns far-distant, never bless'd,
 Save when its annual course the caravan
 Bends to the golden coast of rich * Cathay,
 With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows;

* The old name for China.

Yet

Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste, 810
 The furry nations harbour : tipt with jet,
 Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press;
 Sables, of glossy black ; and dark-embrown'd,
 Or beauteous freckt with many a mingled hue,
 Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts. 815
 There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
 Sleep on the new-fall'n snows ; and, scarce his head
 Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
 Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyfs.
 The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils, 820
 Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
 The fearful flying race ; with ponderous clubs,
 As weak against the mountain heaps they push
 Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
 He lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd snows, 825
 And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
 There through the piny forest half-absorpt,
 Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
 With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn ;
 Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the storms increase, 830
 He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
 And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
 Hardens his heart against affailing want.

Wide o'er the spacious regions of the north,
 That sees Boötes urge his tardy wain, 835
 A bolsterous race, by frosty * Caurus pierc'd,
 Who little pleasure know, and fear no pain,

* The north-west wind.

Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame
 Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,
 Drove martial * horde on horde, with dreadful sweep
 Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled south,
 And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
 Not such the sons of Lapland : wisely they
 Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war;
 They ask no more than simple nature gives, 845
 They love their mountains, and enjoy their storms.
 No false desires, no pride-created wants,
 Disturb the peaceful current of their time;
 And through the restless ever-tortur'd maze
 Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage. 850
 Their rein-deer form their riches. These their tents,
 Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
 Supply, their wholesome fare, and chearful cups.
 Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
 Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift 855
 O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
 Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep
 With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.
 By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
 A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens, 860
 And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
 With double lustre from the glossy waste,
 Ev'n in the depth of Polar Night, they find
 A wondrous day : enough to light the chace,
 Or guide their daring steps to Finland-fairs. 865

* The wandering Scythian-clans.

With'd Spring returns; and from the hazy south,
 While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
 The welcome sun, just verging up at first,
 By small degrees extends the swelling curve!
 Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months, 870
 Still round and round, his spiral course he winds,
 And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
 Wheels up again, and reascends the sky.
 In that glad season from the lakes and floods,
 Where pure Niemi's * fairy mountains rise, 875
 And fring'd with roses † Tenglio rolls his stream,
 They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
 They chearful loaded to their tents repair;
 Where, all day long in useful cares employ'd,
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare. 880
 Thrice happy race! by poverty secur'd
 From legal plunder and rapacious power:
 In whom fell interest never yet has sown
 The seeds of vice: whose spotless swains ne'er knew

* M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the Figure of the Earth, after having described the beautiful lake and mountain of Niemi in Lapland, says,—“ From this height we had opportunity several times to see those vapours rise from the lake, which the people of the country call Haltios, and which they deem to be the guardian spirits of the mountains. We had been frightened with stories of bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It seemed rather a place of resort for Fairies and Genii, than bears.”

† The same author observes—“ I was surprized to see upon the banks of this river (the Tenglio) roses of as lively a red as any that are in our gardens.”

Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath 885
Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.

Still pressing on, beyond Tornéa's lake,
And Hecla flaming through a waste of snow,
And farthest Greenland, to the pole itself,
Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out, 890
The Muse expands her solitary flight;
And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
Beholds new seas beneath * another sky.
Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court; 895
And through his airy hall the loud misrule
Of driving tempest is for ever heard:
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;
Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows, 900
With which he now oppresses half the globe.

Thence winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,
She sweeps the howling margin of the main;
Where undissolving, from the first of time,
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky; 905
And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the surge,
Alps frown on Alps; or rushing hideous down, 910
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Wide-rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.

♦ The other hemisphere.

Ocean

Ocean itself no longer can resist
 The binding fury; but, in all its rage
 Of tempest taken by the boundless frost, 915
 Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
 And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse,
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, chearless, and void
 Of every life, that from the dreary months
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they! 920
 Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
 Take their last look of the descending sun;
 While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
 The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
 Falls horrible. Such was the * Briton's fate, 925
 As with *first* prow, (what have not Briton's dar'd!)
 He for the passage sought, attempted since
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
 By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
 In these fell regions, in Arzina caught, 930
 And to the stony deep his idle ship
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
 Each full-exerted at his several task,
 Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm. 935

Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream
 Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of men;
 And half-enliven'd by the distant sun,
 That rears and ripens man, as well as plants,
 Here human nature wears its rudest form. 940

* Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elizabeth to discover the north-east passage.

Deep

Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,
Nor tenderness they know; nor aught of life, 945
Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.
Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,
Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
And calls the quiver'd savage to the chace.

What cannot active government perform, 950
New-moulding man? Wide-stretching from these shores,
A people savage from remotest time,
A huge neglected empire, one vast Mind,
By Heaven inspir'd, from Gothic darkness call'd.
Immortal Peter! first of monarchs! He 955
His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;
And while the fierce Barbarian he subdued,
To more exalted soul he rais'd the man.
Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd 960
Through long successive ages to build-up
A labouring plan of state, behold at once
The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!
Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
A mighty shadow of unreal power; 965
Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;
And, roaming every land, in every port
His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand,
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts, 970
Of

Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.
 Charg'd with the stores of Europe, home he goes;
 Then cities rise amid th' illumin'd waste;
 O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;
 Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd; 975
 Th' astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltick roar;
 Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
 With daring keel before; and armies stretch
 Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
 The frantic Alexander of the north, 980
 And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.
 Sloth flies the land, and Ignorance, and Vice,
 Of old dishonour proud: it glows around,
 Taught by the Royal Hand that rous'd the whole,
 One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade: 985
 For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
 More potent still, his great *example* shew'd.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
 Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdued,
 The frost resolves into a trickling thaw. 990
 Spotted the mountains shine; loose fleet descends,
 And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
 Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
 O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
 A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once; 995
 And, where they rush, the wide-refounding plain
 Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
 That wash'd th' ungenial pole, will rest no more
 Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;
 But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave. 1000

And

And hark ! the lengthening roar continuous runs
 Athwart the rifted deep : at once it bursts,
 And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
 Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
 That, tost amid the floating fragments, moors 1005
 Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
 While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
 More horrible. Can human force endure
 Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round ?
 Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness, 1010
 The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
 And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
 More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
 And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport, 1015
 Tempest the loosen'd brine, while through the gloom,
 Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,
 Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
 Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
 Yet Providence, that *ever-waking* eye, 1020
 Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
 Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,
 Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done ! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year. 1025
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies !
 How dumb the tuneful ! Horror wide extends
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond man !
 See here thy pictur'd life ; pass some few years,
 Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,

Thy

Thy

Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled,
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness? those longings after fame? 1035
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
 Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts,
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
 All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
 Immortal never-failing friend of man, 1040
 His guide to happiness on high. And see!
 'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
 Of heaven and earth! awakening Nature hears
 The *new-creating word*, and starts to life,
 In every heighten'd form, from pain and death 1045
 For ever free. *The great eternal scheme*,
 Involving all, and in a *perfect whole*
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
 To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now, 1050
 Confounded in the dust, adore that Power,
 And Wisdom oft arraign'd: see now the cause,
 Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
 And dy'd, neglected: why the good man's share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul: 1055
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
 In starving solitude; while luxury,
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
 To form unreal wants: why heaven-born Truth,
 And Moderation fair, wore the red marks 1060
 Of

Of Superstition's scourge : why licens'd Pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Imbitter'd all our blifs. Ye good distrest !
 Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's preffure, yet bear up a while, 1065
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part, deem'd evil, is no more :
 The storms of Wintery Time will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

A HYMN.

A H Y M N.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these;
Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bid'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with Thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,

Man

Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,
 That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres; 30
 Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
 Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves, 35
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join every living soul,
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
 One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales, 40
 Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes:
 Oh, talk of Him in solitary glooms!
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar, 45
 Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
 Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound; 50
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound His stupendous praise; whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall. 55
 Soft-roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds to Him; whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.

Ye

Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him;
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart, 60
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre. 65
 Great source of day! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,
 On nature write with every beam His praise.
 The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world; 70
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound: the broad responsive lowe,
 Ye vallies, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
 And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come. 75
 Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
 Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
 The listening shades, and teach the night His praise. 80
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join
 The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear, 85
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardor rise to heaven.

Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every secret grove; 90
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows; the summer-ray 95
 Ruffles the plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams;
 Or Winter rises in the blackening east;
 Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

Should fate command me to the farthest verge 100
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me:
 Since God is ever present, ever felt, 105
 In the void waste as in the city full;
 And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.
 When ev'n at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I chearful will obey; there, with new powers, 110
 Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
 Where Universal Love not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons;
 From *seeming* evil still educing good,
 And *better* thence again, and *better* still, 115
 In infinite progression. But I lose
 Myself in Him, in Light ineffable;
 Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

THE
ADVERTISEMENT
CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

AN
ALLEGORICAL POEM.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS poem being writ in the manner of Spenser, the obsolete words, and a simplicity of diction in some of the lines, which borders on the ludicrous, were necessary, to make the imitation more perfect. And the style of that admirable poet, as well as the measure in which he wrote, are, as it were, appropriated by custom to all allegorical poems writ in our language; just as in French the stile of Marot, who lived under Francis I. has been used in tales, and familiar epistles, by the politest writers of the age of Louis XIV.



EXPLANATION of the OBSOLETE WORDS used in this Poem.

A rchimage—the chief or greatest of magi- ans or enchanters.	Fays—fairies. Gear or Geer—furniture, equipage, dress.
Apaid—paid.	Glaive—sword. (Fr.)
Appal—affright.	Glee—joy, pleasure.
Atween—between.	Han—have.
Ay—always.	Hight—named, called; and sometimes it is used for is called. See stanza vii.
Bale—sorrow, trouble, mis- fortune.	Idlefs—Idleness.
Benempt—named.	Imp—child, or offspring; from the Saxon <i>impan</i> , to grasp or plant.
Blazon—painting, display- ing.	Kest—for cast.
Breme—cold, raw.	Lad—for led.
Carol—to sing songs of joy.	Lea—a piece of land, or meadow.
Caucus—the north-east wind.	Libbard—leopard.
Certes—certainly.	Lig—to lie.
Dan—a word prefixed to names.	Lofel—a loose idle fellow.
Defily—skilfully.	Louting—bowing, bending.
Depainted—painted.	Lithe—loose, lax.
Drowsy-head—drowsiness.	Mell—mingle.
Eath—easy.	Moe—more.
Eftsoons—immediately, af- ter, afterwards.	Moil—to labour.
Eke—also.	Mote—might.

Muchel or Mochel—much, great.	with beat.
Nathless—nevertheless.	Swink—to labour.
Ne—nor.	Smackt—favoured.
Needments—necessaries.	Thrall—slave.
Nourling—a child that is nursed.	Transmew'd—transform'd.
Noyance—barm.	Vild—vile.
Prankt—coloured, adorned gayly.	Unkempt (Lat. <i>incomptus</i>) unadorned.
Perdie (Fr. <i>par Dieu</i>)—an old oath.	Ween—to think, be of opi- nion.
Prick'd through the forest —rode through the forest.	Weet—to know; to weet, to wit.
Sear—dry, burnt up.	Whilom—ere-while, for- merly.
Sheen—bright, shining.	Wight—man.
Sicker—sure, surely.	Wis, for Wist—to know, think, understand.
Soot—sweet, or sweetly.	Wonne—(a noun) dwell- ing.
Sooth—true or truth.	Wroke—wreakt.
Stound—misfortune, pang.	
Sweltry—sultry, consuming.	

N. B. The letter *Y* is frequently placed in the begin-
ing of a word by Spenser, to lengthen it a syllable,
and *en* at the end of a word, for the same reason, as
withouten, casten, &c.

Yborn—born.	Yfere—together.
Yblent, or blent—blended, mingled.	Ymolten—milted.
Yclad—clad.	Yode (preter tense of yede) went.
Ycleped—called, named.	

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE

The castle hight of indolence,
And its false luxury ;
Where for a little time, alas !
We liv'd right jollily :

I.

O Mortal man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate ;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date ;
And, certes, there is for it reason great ;
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

II.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground ;
And there a season atween June and May,
Half prankt with spring, with summer half imbrown'd,
A lifeless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared ev'n for play.

III.

Was nought around but images of rest :
 Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between ;
 And flowery beds that slumberous influence keft,
 From poppies breath'd ; and beds of pleasant green,
 Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
 Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
 And hurled every-where their waters sheen ;
 That, as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,
 Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

IV.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
 Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
 And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
 And vacant shepherds piping in the dale :
 And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
 Or flock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
 That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;
 And still a coil the grasshopper did keep ;
 Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

V.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
 A sable, silent, solemn forest stood ;
 Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
 As Idle's fancy'd in her dreaming mood :
 And up the hills, on either side, a wood
 Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
 Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood ;
 And where this valley winded out, below, [flow.
 The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to

VI. A

VI.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
 For ever flushing round a summer-sky:
 There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
 Infil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
 And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh;
 But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
 Was far far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

VII.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
 Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
 Close-hid his castle mid embowering trees,
 That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
 And made a kind of checker'd day and night;
 Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
 Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
 Was plac'd; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
 And labour harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's estate.

VIII.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
 From all the roads of earth that pass there by:
 For, as they chaunc'd to breathe on neighbouring hill,
 The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
 And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
 Till clustering round th' enchanter false they hung,
 Ymolten with his syren melody;
 While o'er th' enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
 And to the trembling chords these tempting verses sung:

IX. "Be-

IX.

- " Behold ! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold !
 " See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay :
 " See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
 " Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May !
 " What youthful bride can equal her array ?
 " Who can with her for easy pleasure vie ?
 " From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
 " From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
 " Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

X.

- " Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
 " The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
 " Ten thousand throats ! that from the flowering thorn,
 " Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
 " Such grateful kindly raptures them emove :
 " They neither plough, nor sow ; ne, fit for flail,
 " E'er to the barn the nodden sheaves they drove ;
 " Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
 " Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

XI.

- " Outcast of nature, man ! the wretched thrall
 " Of bitter dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
 " Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
 " And of the vices, an inhuman train,
 " That all proceed from savage thirst of gain :
 " For when hard-hearted Interest first began
 " To poison earth, Astræa left the plain ;
 " Guile, violence, and murder seiz'd on man,
 " And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

XII. " Come,

XII.

" Come, ye, who still the cumberous load of life
 " Push hard up-hill; but as the farthest steep
 " You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
 " Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
 " And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
 " For-ever vain: come, and, withouten fee,
 " I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
 " Your cares, your toils, will steep you in a sea
 " Of full delight: O come, ye weary wights, to me!

XIII.

" With me, you need not rise at early dawn,
 " To pass the joyless day in various frowns:
 " Or, blouting low, on upstart fortune fawn,
 " And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds;
 " Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
 " To cheat, and dun, and lye, and visit pay,
 " Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds:
 " Or proul in courts of law for human prey,
 " In venal senate thief, or rob on broad highway.

XIV.

" No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,
 " From village on to village sounding clear:
 " To tardy swain no shrill-voic'd matrons squall;
 " No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear;
 " No hammers thump; no horrid blacksmith fear,
 " Ne noisy tradesman your sweet slumbers start,
 " With sounds that are a misery to hear:
 " But all is calm, as would delight the heart
 " Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

XV. " Here

XV.

- " Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent ease,
 " Good-natur'd lounging, sauntering up and down :
 " They who are pleas'd themselves must always please ;
 " On others' ways they never squint a frown,
 " Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town :
 " Thus, from the source of tender indolence,
 " With milky blood the heart is overflown,
 " Is sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social sense ;
 " For interest, envy, pride, and strife are banish'd hence.

XVI.

- " What, what, is virtue, but repose of mind,
 " A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm ;
 " Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
 " Above the passions that this world deform,
 " And torture man, a proud malignant worm ?
 " But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
 " And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
 " A quicker sense of joy ; as breezes stray [gay.
 " Across th' enliven'd skies, and make them still more

XVII.

- " The best of men have ever lov'd repose :
 " They hate to mingle in the filthy fray ;
 " Where the soul fours, and gradual rancour grows,
 " Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day.
 " Ev'n those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray,
 " The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
 " From a base world at last have stol'n away :
 " So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
 " Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

XVIII. " But

XVIII.

- " But if a little exercise you chuse,
 " Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.
 " Amid the groves you may indulge the Muse,
 " Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;
 " Or softly stealing, with your watery gear,
 " Along the brook, the crimson spotted fry
 " You may delude: the whilst, amus'd, you hear
 " Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's sigh,
 " Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

XIX.

- " O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
 " Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
 " When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
 " And gives th' untasted portion you have won,
 " With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
 " To those who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,
 " There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun:
 " But sure it is of vanities most vain,
 " To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain."

XX.

He ceas'd. But still their trembling ears retain'd
 The deep vibrations of his witching song;
 That, by a kind of magic power, constrain'd
 To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng,
 Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slept along,
 In silent ease: as when beneath the beam
 Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,
 Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam,
 The soft-embodied fays through airy portal stream:

XXI. By

XXI.

By the smooth demon so it order'd was,
 And here his baneful bounty first began :
 Though some there were who would not further pass,
 And his alluring baits suspected han.
 The wise distrust the too fair-spoken man.
 Yet through the gate they cast a wishful eye :
 Not to move on, perdie, is all they can ;
 For do their very best they cannot fly,
 But often each way look, and often sorely sigh.

XXII.

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,
 With sudden spring he leap'd upon them strait ;
 And soon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,
 They found themselves within the cursed gate ;
 Full hard to be repass'd, like that of fate.
 Not stronger were of old the giant crew,
 Who fought to pull high Jove from regal state ;
 Though feeble wretch he seem'd, of fallow hue :
 Certes, who bides his grasp, will that encounter rue.

XXIII.

For whomsoe'er the villain takes in hand,
 Their joints unknit, their sinews melt apace ;
 As lithe they grow as any willow-wand,
 And of their vanish'd force remains no trace :
 So when a maiden fair, of modest grace,
 In all her buxom blooming May of charms,
 Is seized in some losel's hot embrace,
 She waxeth very weakly as she warms,
 Then fighting yields her up to love's delicious harms.

XXIV. Wak'd

XXIV.

Wak'd by the crowd, slow from his bench arose
A comely full-spread porter, swoln with sleep:
His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect breath'd repose;
And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,
Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning keep;
While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
Through which his half-wak'd soul would faintly peep.
Then taking his black staff he call'd his man,
And rous'd himself as much as rouse himself he can.

XXV.

The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call.
He was, to weet, a little roguish page,
Save sleep and play who minded nought at all,
Like most the untaught striplings of his age.
This boy he kept each band to disengage,
Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,
But ill-becoming his grave personage,
And which his portly paunch would not permit,
So this same limber page to all performed it.

XXVI.

Meantime the master-porter wide display'd
Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns;
Wherewith he those that enter'd in, array'd
Loose, as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the summer-woods when evening frowns.
O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace. This done, right fain,
Sir porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again.

XXVII. Thus

XXVII.

Thus easi' rob'd, they to the fountain sped,
 That in the middle of the court up-threw
 A stream, high-spouting from its liquid bed,
 And falling back again in drizzly dew:
 There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted, drew.
 It was a fountain of Nepenthe rare:
 Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge pleasure grew.
 And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care; [more fair.
 Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams

XXVIII.

This rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and still,
 Withouten tromp, was proclamation made.
 "Ye sons of Indolence, do what you will;
 "And wander where you list, through hall or glade!
 "Be no man's pleasure for another staid;
 "Let each as likes him best his hours employ,
 "And curs'd be he who minds his neighbour's trade!
 "Here dwells kind ease and unrepining joy:
 "He little merits bliss who others can annoy."

XXIX.

Strait of these endless numbers, swarming round,
 As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
 Not one elf-foons in view was to be found,
 But every man stroll'd off his own glad way,
 Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
 With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
 No living creature could be seen to stray;
 While solitude and perfect silence reign'd:
 So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrain'd.

XXX. As

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

209

XXX.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid-Isles,
Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles;
Or that ærial beings sometimes deign
To stand embodied, to our senses plain)
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro:
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

XXXI.

Ye gods of quiet, and of sleep profound!
Whose soft dominion o'er this castle sways,
And all the widely-silent places round,
Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays
What never yet was sung in mortal lays.
But how shall I attempt such arduous string,
I who have spent my nights and nightly days,
In this soul-deadening place, loose-loitering?
Ah! how shall I for this uprear my moulted wing?

XXXII.

Come on, my Muse, nor stoop to low despair,
Thou imp of Jove, touch'd by celestial fire!
Thou yet shalt sing of war, and actions fair,
Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire;
Of ancient bards thou yet shalt sweep the lyre,
Thou yet shalt tread in tragic pall the stage,
Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,
Dashing corruption down through every worthless age.

VOL. I.

P

XXXIII. The

XXXIII.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
 Ne curfed knocker ply'd by villain's hand,
 Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell
 What elegance and grandeur wide expand
 The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?
 Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
 And couches stretch'd around in seemly band;
 And endless pillows rise to prop the head;
 So that each spacious room was one full-swellings-bed.

XXXIV.

And every where huge cover'd tables stood,
 With wines high-flavour'd and rich viands crown'd;
 Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
 On the green bosom of this earth are found,
 And all old ocean genders in his round:
 Some hand unseen these silently display'd,
 Ev'n undemand'd by a sign or sound;
 You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,
 Fair-rang'd the dishes rose, and thick the glasses play'd.

XXXV.

Here freedom reign'd, without the least alloy;
 Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
 Nor faintly spleen durst murmur at our joy,
 And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall.
 For why? there was but one great rule for all;
 To wit, that each should work his own desire,
 And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
 Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
 And carol what, unbid, the Muses might inspire.

XXXVI. The

XXXVI.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
 Where was inwoven many a gentle tale;
 Such as of old the rural poets sung,
 Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:
 Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
 Pour'd forth at large the sweetly-tortur'd heart;
 Or, fighting tender passion, swell'd the gale,
 And taught charm'd echo to resound their smart;
 While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and peace

XXXVII.

[impart.

Those pleas'd the most, where, by a cunning hand,
 Depainted was the patriarchal age;
 What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
 And pastur'd on from verdant stage to stage,
 Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
 Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
 But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
 And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed:
 Blest sons of Nature they! true golden age indeed!

XXXVIII.

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
 Bade the gay bloom of vernal landskips rise,
 Or autumn's varied shades imbrow the walls:
 Now the black tempest strikes th' astonish'd eyes
 Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
 The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
 And now rude mountains frown amid the skies;
 Whate'er Lorraine light-touch'd with softening hue,
 Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Pouffin drew.

XXXIX.

Each sound too here, to languishment inclin'd,
 Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease.
 Aërial music in the warbling wind,
 At distance rising oft by small degrees,
 Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
 It hung, and breath'd such soul-dissolving airs,
 As did, alas ! with soft perdition please :
 Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
 The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

XL.

A certain music, never known before,
 Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind ;
 Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
 But sidelong, to the gently-waving wind,
 To lay the well-tun'd instrument reclin'd ;
 From which, with airy flying fingers light,
 Beyond each mortal touch the most refin'd,
 The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight :
 Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it hight.

XLI.

Ah me ! what hand can touch the string so fine ?
 Who up the lofty diapason roll
 Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
 Then let them down again into the soul ?
 Now rising love they fann'd ; now pleasing dole
 They breath'd, in tender musings, through the heart ;
 And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
 As when seraphic hands an hymn impart :
 Wild-warbling nature all, above the reach of art !

XLII. Such

XLII.

Such the gay splendor, the luxurious state,
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tygris' shore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store;
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore:
When sleep was coy, the bard in waiting there,
Chear'd the lone midnight with the Muse's lore;
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

XLIII.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft began
(So work'd the wizard) wintery storms to swell,
As heaven and earth they would together melt:
At doors and windows, threatening, seem'd to call
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
Yet the least entrance found they none at all;
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

XLIV.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace;
O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,
And shed a roseate smile on nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
So fleecy with clouds the pure ethereal space,
No could it e'er such melting forms display,
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

XLV.

No, fair illusions! artful phantoms, no!
 My Muse will not attempt your fairy-land:
 She has no colours that like you can glow:
 To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand
 But sure it is; was ne'er a subtler band
 Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprights,
 Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, soft, and bland,
 Pour'd all th' Arabian Heaven upon our nights,
 And blest'd them oft besides with more refin'd delights.

XLVI.

They were in sooth a most enchanting train,
 Ev'n feigning virtue; skilful to unite
 With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.
 But for those fiends, whom blood and broils delight;
 Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
 Down, down black gulphs, where sullen waters sleep,
 Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
 On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep;
 They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence to

XLVII.

[keep.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
 From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom:
 Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
 And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom:
 Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
 And let them virtue with a look impart:
 But chief, a while, O! lend us from the tomb
 Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,
 And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

XLVIII. Or

XLVIII.

Or are you sportive—Bid the morn of youth
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth;
To cares estrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways.
What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,
Our easy blifs, when each thing joy supply'd;
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
Of the wild brooks!—But, fondly wandering wide,
My Muse, resume the task that yet doth thee abide.

XLIX.

One great amusement of our household was,
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass
Upon this ant-hill earth; where constantly
Of idly-busy men the restless fry
Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,
In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,
Or which obtain'd the catiffs dare not taste.
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waste?

L.

“Of vanity the mirror” this was call'd.
Here you a muckworm of the town might see,
At his dull desk, amid his legers stall'd,
Eat up with carking care and penurie;
Most like to carcase parch'd on gallow-tree.
“A penny saved is a penny got.”
Firm to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,
Till it has quench'd his fire, and banished his pot.

LII.

Strait from the filth of this low grub, behold!
 Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,
 All glossy gay, enamel'd all with gold,
 The silly tenant of the summer-air,
 In folly lost, of nothing takes he care;
 Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
 And thieving tradesmen him among them share:
 His father's ghost from limbo-lake, the while,
 Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.

LII.

This globe pourtray'd the race of learned men,
 Still at their books, and turning o'er the page,
 Backwards and forwards: oft they snatch the pen,
 As if inspir'd, and in a Thespian rage;
 Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage.
 Why, authors, all this scrawl and scribbling fore?
 To lose the present, gain the future age,
 Praised to be when you can hear no more,
 And much enrich'd with fame, when useless worldly store.

LIII.

Then would a splendid city rise to view,
 With carts, and cars, and coaches, roaring all
 Wide pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew;
 See how they dash along from wall to wall!
 At every door, hark how they thundering call!
 Good lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
 Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall;
 A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace, to blight,
 And make new tiresome parties for the coming night.

LIV. The

LIV.

The puzzling sons of party next appear'd,
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met;
And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging rear'd
Th' important shoulder; then, as if to get
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward set,
No sooner Lucifer recalls affairs,
Than forth they various rush in mighty fret;
When, lo! push'd up to power, and crown'd their cares,
In comes another sett, and kicketh them down stairs.

LV.

But what most shew'd the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife:
Most christian kings, inflam'd by black desire,
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour:
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
They sit them down just where they were before,
Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force restore.

LVI.

To number up the thousands dwelling here,
An useless were, and eke an endless task;
From kings, and those who at the helm appear,
To gypsies brown in summer-glades who bask.
Yea many a man perdie I could unmask,
Whose desk and table make a solemn show,
With tape-ty'd trash, and suits of fools that ask
For place or pension laid in decent row;
But these I passen by, with nameless numbers moe.

LVII. Of

LVII.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
 There was a man of special grave remark:
 A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
 Pensive, not sad, in thought involv'd, not dark,
 As foot this man could sing as morning-lark,
 And teach the noblest morals of the heart:
 But these his talents were yburied stark;
 Of the fine stores he nothing would impart.
 Which or boon Nature gave, or nature-painting Art.

LVIII.

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,
 Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound;
 Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
 Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,
 Where the wild thyme and camomil are found:
 There would he linger, till the latest ray
 Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound;
 Then homeward through the twilight shadows stray,
 Sauntering and slow. So had he passed many a day.

LIX.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past:
 For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
 Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
 And all its native light anew reveal'd:
 Oft as he travers'd the cerulean field,
 And markt the clouds that drove before the wind,
 Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
 Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind;
 But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

LX. With

LX.

With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk,
 (Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
 One shyer still, who quite detested talk:
 Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke,
 To groves of pine, and broad o'ershadowing oak;
 There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
 And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
 Ne ever utter'd word, save when first shone
 The glittering star of eve—"Thank heaven! the day

LXI.

[is done."

Here lurk'd a wretch, who had not crept abroad
 For forty years, ne face of mortal seen;
 In chamber brooding like a loathly toad:
 And sure his linen was not very clean.
 Through secret loop-holes, that had practis'd been
 Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;
 Unkempt, and rough, of squalid face and mien,
 Our castle's shame! whence, from his filthy nook,
 We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

LXII.

One day there chaunc'd into these halls to rove
 A joyous youth, who took you at first sight;
 Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,
 Before the sprightly tempest tossing light:
 Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
 Of social glee, and wit humane though keen,
 Turning the night to day and day to night:
 For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
 If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

LXIII. But

LXIII.

But not ev'n pleasure to excess is good :
 What most elates then sinks the soul as low :
 When spring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
 The higher still th' exulting billows flow,
 The farther back again they flagging go,
 And leave us groveling on the dreary shore :
 Taught by this son of joy, we found it so ;
 Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay uproar
 Our madden'd castle all, th' abode of sleep no more.

LXIV.

As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly,
 Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps along,
 Chear'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
 Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
 Soothing at first the gay reposing throng :
 And oft he sips their bowl ; or, nearly drown'd,
 He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
 And scares their tender sleep, with trump profound ;
 Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

LXV.

Another guest there was, of sense refin'd,
 Who felt each worth, for every worth he had ;
 Serene, yet warm, humane, yet firm his mind,
 As little touch'd as any man's with bad :
 Him through their inmost walks the Muses lad,
 To him the sacred love of nature lent,
 And sometimes would he make our valley glad ;
 Whenas we found he would not here be pent,
 To him the better sort this friendly message sent.

LXVI. " Come,

LXVI.

- " Come, dwell with us ! true son of virtue, come !
 " But if, alas ! we cannot thee persuade,
 " To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,
 " Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade ;
 " Yet when at last thy toils but ill apaid
 " Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly spark,
 " Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
 " There to indulge the Muse, and nature mark :
 " We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley-Park."

LXVII.

Here whilom ligg'd th' Esopus * of the age ;
 But call'd by Fame, in soul ypricked deep,
 A noble pride restor'd him to the stage,
 And rous'd him like a giant from his sleep.
 Ev'n from his slumbers we advantage reap :
 With double force th' enliven'd scene he wakes,
 Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows to keep
 Each due decorum : now the heart he shakes,
 And now with well-urg'd sense th' enlighten'd judge-

LXVIII.

[ment takes.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems ;
 † Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
 On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,
 Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain :
 The world forsaking with a calm disdain
 Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat ;
 Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous train,
 Oft moralizing sage ; his ditty sweet
 He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

* Mr. Quin.

† This character of Mr. Thomson was written by Lord Lyttelton.

LXIX.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
 Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy.
 A little, round, fat, oily man of God,
 Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry:
 He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
 And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
 If a tight damsel chaunc'd to trippen by;
 Which when observ'd, he shrunk into his mew,
 And frait would recollect his piety anew.

LXX.

Nor be forgot a tribe, who minded nought
 (Old inmates of the place) but state-affairs:
 They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought;
 And on their brow sat every nation's cares.
 The world by them is parcel'd out in shares,
 When in the Hall of Smoak they congress hold,
 And the sage berry sun-burnt Mocha bears
 Has clear'd their inward eye: then, smoak-enroll'd,
 Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

LXXI.

Here languid beauty kept her pale-fac'd court:
 Beves of dainty dames, of high degree,
 From every quarter hither made resort;
 Where, from gross mortal care and business free,
 They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury.
 Or should they a vain shew of work assume,
 Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
 To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom;
 But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom.

LXXII. Theja

LXXII.

Their only labour was to kill the time;
 And labour dire it is, and weary woe.
 They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme;
 Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
 Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow:
 This soon too rude an exercise they find;
 Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw,
 Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclin'd,
 And court the vapoury god soft-breathing in the wind.

LXXIII.

Now must I mark the villainy we found,
 But, ah! too late, as shall eftsoons be shewn.
 A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground;
 Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,
 Diseas'd, and loathsome, privily were thrown,
 Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd there,
 Unpity'd uttering many a bitter groan;
 For of these wretches taken was no care:
 Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurses were.

LXXIV.

Alas! the change! from scenes of joy and rest,
 To this dark den, where sickness tofs'd alway.
 Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppress'd,
 Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,
 Heaving his sides, and snored night and day;
 To stir him from his traunce it was not eath,
 And his half-open'd eyne he shut straitway:
 He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
 And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the breath.

LXXV. Of

LXXV.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
 Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropsy :
 Unwieldy man ; with belly monstrous round,
 For ever fed with watery supply ;
 For still he drank, and yet he still was dry,
 And moping here did Hypochondria fit,
 Mother of spleen, in robes of various dye,
 Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit ;
 And some her frantic deem'd, and some her deem'd a

LXXVI.

[wit.

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,
 Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low :
 She felt, or fancy'd in her fluttering mood,
 All the diseases which the spittles know,
 And fought all physick which the shops bestow,
 And still new leaches and new drugs would try,
 Her humour ever wavering to and fro ;
 For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,
 Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not why.

LXXVII.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pin'd,
 With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings ;
 Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,
 Yet lov'd in secret all forbidden things.
 And here the Tertian shakes his chilling wings ;
 The sleepless Gout here counts the crowing cocks,
 A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings ;
 Whilst Apoplexy cram'd Intemperance knocks
 Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

C A N T O

C A N T O II.

The knight of arts and industry,
 And his achievements fair;
 That by his castle's overthrow,
 Secur'd, and crowned were.

I.

ESCAP'D the castle of the fire of sin,
 Ah! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find?
 For all around, without, and all within,
 Nothing save what delightful was and kind,
 Of goodness favouring and a tender mind,
 E'er rose to view. But now another strain,
 Of doleful note, alas! remains behind:
 I now must sing of pleasure turn'd to pain,
 And of the false enchanter Indolence complain.

II.

Is there no patron to protect the Muse,
 And fence for her Parnassus' barren soil?
 To every labour its reward accrues,
 And they are sure of bread who swink and moil;
 But a fell tribe th' Aonian hive despoil,
 As ruthless wasps oft rob the painful bee:
 Thus while the laws not guard that noblest toil,
 Ne for the other Muses meed decree,
 They praised are alone, and starve right merrily.

VOL. I.

Q

III. I

III.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny :
 You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace ;
 You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
 Through which Aurora shews her brightening face ;
 You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
 The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve :
 Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
 And I their toys to the *great children* leave :
 Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

IV.

Come then, my Muse, and raise a bolder song ;
 Come, lig no more upon the bed of sloth,
 Dragging the lazy languid line along,
 Fond to begin, but still to finish loth,
 Thy half-writ scrolls all eaten by the moth :
 Arise, and sing that generous imp of fame,
 Who with the sons of softness nobly wroth,
 To sweep away this human lumber came,
 Or in a chosen few to rouse the slumbering flame.

V.

In Fairy-Land there liv'd a knight of old,
 Of feature stern, Selvaggio well yclep'd,
 A rough unpolish'd man, robust and bold,
 But wondrous poor : he neither sow'd nor reap'd,
 Ne stores in summer for cold winter heap'd ;
 In hunting all his days away he wore ;
 Now scorch'd by June, now in November steep'd,
 Now pinch'd by biting January fore,
 He still in woods pursued the libbard and the boar.

VI. As

VI.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
Prick'd through the forest to dislodge his prey,
Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn,
With wood wild-fring'd, he mark'd a taper's ray,
That from the beating rain, and wintery fray,
Did to a lonely cot his steps decoy;
There, up to earn the needments of the day,
He found dame Poverty, nor fair nor coy:
Her he compris'd, and fill'd her with a lusty boy.

VII.

Amid the green-wood shade this boy was bred,
And grew at last a knight of muchel fame,
Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,
The Knight of Arts and Industry by name.
Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame;
He knew no beverage but the flowing stream;
His tasteful well-earn'd food the sylvan game,
Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands teem:
The same to him glad summer, or the winter breme,

VIII.

So pass'd his youthly morning, void of care,
Wild as the colts that through the commons run:
For him no tender parents troubled were,
He of the forest seem'd to be the son,
And certes had been utterly undone;
But that Minerva pity of him took,
With all the gods that love the rural wonne,
That teach to tame the soil and rule the crook;
Ne did the sacred Nine disdain a gentle look.

IX.

Of fertile genius him they nurtur'd well,
 In every science, and in every art,
 By which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel,
 That can or use, or joy, or grace impart,
 Disclosing all the powers of head and heart:
 Ne were the goodly exercises spar'd,
 That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
 And mix elastic force with firmness hard:
 Was never knight on ground mote be with him compar'd.

X.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
 The hunter-sced, exulting o'er the dale,
 And drew the roseat breath of orient day;
 Sometimes, retiring to the secret vale,
 Yelad in steel, and bright with burnish'd mail,
 He strain'd the bow, or tofs'd the sounding spear,
 Or darting on the goal outstripp'd the gale,
 Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid-career,
 Or strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough compeer.

XI.

At other times he pry'd through Nature's store,
 Whate'er she in th' ethereal round contains,
 Whate'er she hides beneath her verdant floor,
 The vegetable and the mineral reigns;
 Or else he scann'd the globe, those small domains,
 Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,
 Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains;
 But more he search'd the mind, and rous'd from sleep.
 Those moral seeds whence we heroic actions reap.

XII. Nor

XII.

Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits
Of heavenly truth, and practise what she taught.
Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits.
Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he caught,
Forth-calling all with which boon earth is fraught;
Sometimes he ply'd the strong mechanic tool,
Or rear'd the fabric from the finest draught;
And oft he put himself to Neptune's school,
Fighting with winds and waves on the vext ocean pool.

XIII.

To solace then these rougher toils, he try'd
To touch the kindling canvass into life;
With nature his creating pencil vy'd,
With nature joyous at the mimic strife:
Or, to such shapes as grac'd Pygmalion's wife
He hew'd the marble; or, with varied fire,
He rouz'd the trumpet and the martial fife,
Or bade the lute sweet tenderness inspire,
Or verses fram'd that well might wake Apollo's lyre.

XIV.

Accomplish'd thus he from the woods issued,
Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprise;
The work, which long he in his breast had brew'd.
Now to perform he ardent did devise;
To wit, a barbarous world to civilize.
Earth was till then a boundless forest wild;
Nought to be seen but savage wood, and skies;
No cities nourish'd arts, no culture smil'd,
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

XV.

A ragged wight, the worst of brutes, was man;
 On his own wretched kind he, ruthless, prey'd:
 The strongest still the weakest over-ran;
 In every country mighty robbers sway'd,
 And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
 Life was a scene of rapine, want, and woe;
 Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
 To swear, he would the rascal rout o'erthrow,
 For, by the powers divine, it should no more be so!

XVI.

It would exceed the purport of my song,
 To say how this *best Sun* from orient climes
 Came beaming life and beauty all along,
 Before him chacing indolence and crimes.
 Still as he pass'd, the nations he sublimed,
 And calls forth arts and virtues with his ray:
 Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome, their golden times,
 Successive had; but now in ruins grey
 They lie, to slavish sloth and tyranny a prey.

XVII.

To crown his toils, Sir Industry then spread
 The swelling sail, and made for Britain's coast.
 A sylvan life till then the natives led,
 In the brown shades and green-wood forest lost,
 All careless rambling where it lik'd them most:
 Their wealth the wild-deer bouncing thro' the glade;
 They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at nature's cost;
 Save spear, and bow, withouten other aid;
 Yet not the Roman steel their naked breast dismay'd.

XVIII. He

XVIII.

He lik'd the soil, he lik'd the clement skies,
He lik'd the verdant hills and flowery plains.
Be this my great, my chosen isle (he cries)
This, whilst my labours Liberty sustains,
This queen of ocean all assault disdains.
Nor lik'd he less the genius of the land,
To freedom apt and persevering pains,
Mild to obey, and generous to command,
Temper'd by forming Heaven with kindest firmest hand,

XIX.

Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,
Whatever arts and industry can frame:
Whatever finish'd agriculture knows,
Fair queen of arts! from heaven itself who came,
When Eden flourish'd in unspotted fame:
And still with her sweet innocence we find,
And tender peace, and joys without a name,
That, while they ravish, tranquillize the mind:
Nature and Art at once, delight and use combin'd.

XX.

The towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,
And bade the fervent city glow with toil;
Bade social Commerce raise renowned marts,
Join land to land, and marry soil to soil,
Unite the poles, and without bloody spoil
Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous stores;
Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,
Bade tyrants tremble on remotest shores,
While o'er th' encircling deep Britannia's thunder roars.

XXI.

The drooping Muses then he westward call'd,
 From the fam'd city by Propontick sea,
 What time the Turk th' enfeebled Grecian thrall'd;
 Thence from their cloister'd walks he set them free,
 And brought them to another Castalie,
 Where Isis many a famous nourling breeds;
 Or where old Cam soft-paces o'er the lea
 In pensive mood, and tunes his Doric reeds,
 The whilst his flocks at large the lonely shepherd feeds.

XXII.

Yet the fine arts were what he finish'd least.
 For why? They are the quintessence of all,
 The growth of labouring time, and slow increast;
 Unless, as seldom chances, it should fall,
 That mighty patrons the coy sisters call
 Up to the sun-shine of uncumber'd ease, [thrall,
 Where no rude care the mounting thought may
 And where they nothing have to do but please:
 Ah! gracious God! thou know'st they ask no other fees.

XXIII.

But now, alas! we live too late in time:
 Our patrons now ev'n grudge that little claim,
 Except to such as sleek the soothing rhyme;
 And yet, forsooth, they wear Mæcenas' name,
 Poor sons of puffed-up vanity, not fame.
 Unbroken spirits, cheer! still, still remains
 Th' Eternal Patron, Liberty; whose flame,
 While she protects, inspires the noblest strains.
 The best, and sweetest far, are toil-created gains.

XXIV. When

XXIV.

When as the knight had fram'd, in Britain-land
A matchless form of glorious government,
In which the sovereign laws alone command,
Laws stablish'd by the public free consent,
Whose majesty is to the sceptre lent;
When this great plan, with each dependent art,
Was settled firm, and to his heart's content,
Then fought he from the toilsome scene to part,
And let life's vacant eye breathe quiet through the heart.

XXV.

For this he chose a farm in Deva's vale,
Where his long allies peep'd upon the main.
In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale,
Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the swain.
The happy monarch of his sylvan train,
Here, sided by the guardians of the fold,
He walk'd his rounds, and cheer'd his blest domain:
His days, the days of unstain'd nature, roll'd,
Replete with peace and joy, like patriarch's of old.

XXVI.

Witness, ye lowing herds, who gave him milk;
Witness, ye flocks, whose woolly vestments far
Exceed soft India's cotton, or her silk;
Witness, with autumn charg'd, the nodding car,
That homeward came beneath sweet evening's star,
Or of September moons the radiance mild.
O, hide thy head, abominable war!
Of crimes and ruffian idleness the child!
From heaven this life ysprung, from hell thy glories
vild!

XXVII. Nor

XXVII.

Nor from his deep retirement banish'd was
 Th' amusing care of rural industry.
 Still, as with grateful change the seasons pass,
 New scenes arise, new landships strike the eye,
 And all th' enliven'd country beautify :
 Gay plains extend where marshes slept before ;
 O'er recent meads th' exulting streamlets fly ;
 Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres' store,
 And woods imbrown the steep, or wave along the shore.

XXVIII.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,
 He polish'd nature with a finer hand :
 Yet on her beauties durst not Art incroach ;
 'Tis Art's alone these beauties to expand.
 In graceful dance immingled, o'er the land,
 Pan, Paleas, Flora, and Pomona play'd :
 Here too brisk gales the rude wild common fand
 An happy place ; where free, and unafraid,
 Amid the flowering brakes each coyer creature stray'd.

XXIX.

But in prime vigour what can last for ay ?
 That soul-ensfeebling wizzard Indolence,
 I whilom sung, wrought in his works decay :
 Spread far and wide was *his* curs'd influence ;
 Of public virtue much *he* dull'd the sense,
 Ev'n much of private ; ate our spirit out,
 And fed our rank luxurious vices : whence
 The land was overlaid with many a lout ;
 Not, as old Fame reports, wise, generous, bold, and
 stout.

XXX. A

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

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XXX.

A rage of pleasure madden'd every breast,
Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran :
To his licentious with each must be blest,
With joy be fever'd ; snatch it as he can.
Thus Vice the standard rear'd ; her arrier-ban
Corruption call'd, and loud she gave the word, [man,
“ Mind, mind yourselves ! why should the vulgar
“ The lacquey be more virtuous than his lord ?
“ Enjoy this span of life ! 'tis all the gods afford.”

XXXI.

The tidings reach'd to where in quiet hall,
The good old knight enjoy'd well-earn'd repose.
“ Come, come, Sir Knight ! thy children on thee call :
“ Come, save us yet, ere ruin round us close !
“ The demon Indolence thy toils o'erethrows.”
On this the noble colour stain'd his cheeks,
Indignant, glowing through the whitening snows
Of venerable eld ; his eye full-speaks
His ardent soul, and from his couch at once he breaks.

XXXII.

I will, (he cry'd) so help me, God ! destroy
That villain, Archimage.—His page then strait
He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy,
Benempt Dispatch. “ My steed be at the gate ;
“ My Bard attend ; quick, bring the net of fate.”
This net was twisted by the sisters three ;
Which when once cast o'er harden'd wretch, too late
Repentance comes : replevy cannot be
From the strong iron grasp of vengeful destiny.

XXXIII. He

XXXIII.

He came, the bard, a little druid-wight,
 Of wither'd aspect; but his eye was keen,
 With sweetness mix'd. In russet brown bedight,
 As is his *sister of the copses green,
 He crept along, unpromising of mien.
 Gross he who judges so. His soul was fair,
 Bright as the children of yon azure sheen.
 True comeliness, which nothing can impair,
 Dwells in the mind: all else is vanity and glare.

XXXIV.

Come, (quoth the knight) a voice has reach'd mine
 The demon Indolence threats overthrow [ear:
 To all that to mankind is good and dear:
 Come, Philomelus; let us instant go,
 O'erturn his bowers, and lay his castle low.
 Those men, those wretched men! who *will* be slaves,
 Must drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe:
 But some there be, thy song, as from their graves,
 Shall raise. Thrice happy he! who without rigour saves.

XXXV.

Issuing forth, the knight bestrode his steed,
 Of ardent bay, and on whose front a star
 Shone blazing bright: sprung from the generous
 That whirl of active day the rapid car, [breed
 He pranc'd along, disdain'g gate or bar.
 Meantime, the bard on milk-white palfrey rode;
 An honest sober beast, that did not mar
 His meditations, but full softly trode;
 And much they moraliz'd as thus yfere they yode.

XXXVI. They

* The nightingale.

XXXVI.

They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliss.
 What else so fit for man to settle well?
 And still their long rescarches met in this,
 This *truth of truths*, which nothing can refel:
 " From virtue's fount the purest joys out-well,
 " Sweet rills of thought that chear the conscous soul;
 " While vice pours forth the troubled streams of hell,
 " The which, howe'er disguis'd, at last with dole
 Will, through the tortur'd breast, their fiery torrent

XXXVII.

[roll.]

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,
 O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their summits
 On the cool height awhile our palmers stay, [rear.
 And spite ev'n of themselves their senses chear;
 Then to the vizard's wonne their steps they steer.
 Like a green isle, it broad beneath them spred,
 With gardens round, and wandering currents clear,
 And tufted groves to shade the meadow bed,
 Sweet airs and song; and without hurry all seem'd glad.

XXXVIII.

" As God shall judge me, knight, we must forgive
 (The half-enraptur'd Philomelus cry'd)
 " The frail good man deluded here to live,
 " And in these groves his musing fancy hide.
 " Ah! nought is pure. It cannot be deny'd,
 " That virtue still some tincture has of vice,
 " And vice of virtue. What should then betide
 " But that our charity be not too nice?
 " Come, let us those we can to real bliss entice.

XXXIX. " Ay,

XXXIX.

" Ay, sicker, (quoth the knight) all flesh is frail,
 " To pleasant sin and joyous dalliance bent;
 " But let not brutish vice of this avail,
 " And think to scape deserved punishment.
 " Justice were cruel weakly to relent;
 " From Mercy's self she got her sacred glaive;
 " Grace be to those who can, and will, repent;
 " But penance long, and dreary, to the slave,
 " Who must in floods of fire his gross foul spirit lave."

XL.

Thus, holding high discourse, they came to where
 The cursed carle was at his wonted trade;
 Still tempting heedless men into his snare,
 In witching wise, as I before have said.
 But when he saw, in goodly geer array'd,
 The grave majestic knight approaching nigh,
 And by his side the bard so sage and staid,
 His countenance fell; yet oft his anxious eye
 Mark'd them, like wily fox who roosted cock doth spy.

XLI.

Nathless, with feign'd respect, he bade give back
 The rabble-rout, and welcom'd them full kind;
 Struck with the noble twain, they were not slack
 His orders to obey, and fall behind,
 Then he resum'd his song; and unconfin'd,
 Pour'd all his music, ran through all his strings:
 With magic dust their eyne he tries to blind,
 And virtue's tender airs o'er weakness flings.
 What pity base his song who so divinely sings!

XLII. Elate

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XLII.

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,
 They listen'd so intent with fix'd delight :
 But they instead, as if transmew'd to stone,
 Marvel'd he could with such sweet art unite
 The lights and shades of manners, wrong and right.
 Meantime, the silly crowd the charm devour,
 Wide pressing to the gate. Swift, on the knight
 He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,
 Who backening shunn'd his touch, for well he knew its

XLIII.

[power.

As in throng'd amphitheatre, of old,
 The wary Retiarius trap'd his foe :
 Ev'n so the knight, returning on him bold,
 At once involv'd him in the *net of woe*,
 Whereof I mention made not long ago.
 Inrag'd at first, he scorn'd so weak a jail,
 And leapt, and flew, and flounced to and fro ;
 But when he found that nothing could avail,
 He set him felly down and gnaw'd his bitter nail.

XLIV.

Alarm'd, th' inferior demons of the place
 Rais'd rueful shrieks and hideous yells around ;
 Black stormy clouds deform'd the welkin's face,
 And from beneath was heard a wailing sound,
 As of infernal sprights in cavern bound ;
 A solemn sadness every creature strook, [ground :
 And lightnings flash'd, and horror rock'd the
 Huge crowds on crowds out-pour'd, with blemish'd
 look,
 As if on time's last verge this frame of things had shook.

XLV.

Soon as the short-liv'd tempest was yspent,
 Steam'd from the jaws of vext Avernus' hole,
 And hush'd the hubbub of the rabblement,
 Sir Industry the first calm moment stole.

" There must, (he cry'd) amidst so vast a shoal,
 " Be some who are not tainted at the heart,
 " Not poison'd quite by this same villain's bowl :
 " Come then, my bard, thy heavenly fire impart ;
 " Touch soul with soul, till forth the latent spirit start."

XLVI.

The bard obey'd ; and taking from his side,
 Where it in seemly sort depending hung,
 His British harp, its speaking strings he try'd,
 The which with skilful touch he deftly strung,
 Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung.
 Then, as he felt the Muses come along,
 Light o'er the chords his raptur'd hand he flung,
 And play'd a prelude to his rising song :
 The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousands round

XLVII.

[him throng ;

Thus, ardent, burst his strain.—

" Ye helpless race,
 " Dire-labouring here to smother reason's ray,
 " That lights our Maker's image in our face,
 " And gives us wide o'er earth unquestion'd sway ;
 " What is th' ador'd Supreme Perfection, say ?
 " What, but eternal never-resting soul,
 " Almighty power, and all-directing day ;
 " By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll ;
 " Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the whole.

XLVIII.

" Come, to the beaming God your hearts unfold !
 " Draw from its fountain life ! 'Tis thence, alone,
 " We can excel. Up from unfeeling mold,
 " To seraphs burning round th' Almighty's throne,
 " Life rising still on life, in higher tone,
 " Perfection forms, and with perfection bliss.
 " In universal nature this clear shewn,
 " Nor needeth proof : to prove it were, I wis,
 " To prove the beauteous world excels the brute abyss.

XLIX.

" Is not the field, with lively culture green,
 " A sight more joyous than the dead morass ?
 " Do not the skies, with active ether clean,
 " And fann'd by sprightly zephyrs, far surpass
 " The foul November fogs, and slumberous mists,
 " With which sad nature veils her drooping face ?
 " Does not the mountain-stream, as clear as glass,
 " Gay-dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace ?
 " The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.

L.

" It was not by vile loitering in ease,
 " That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art,
 " That soft yet ardent Athens learn'd to please,
 " To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
 " In all supreme ! complete in every part !
 " It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
 " And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart :
 " For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows ;
 " Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

LII.

- " Had unambitious mortals minded nought,
 " But in loose joy their time to wear away;
 " Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,
 " Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
 " Rude Nature's state had been our state to-day;
 " No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd,
 " No arts had made us opulent and gay;
 " With brother-brutes the human race had graz'd;
 " None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honour'd been,

LII.

[none prais'd.

- " Great Homer's song had never fir'd the breast
 " To thirst of glory, and heroic deeds;
 " Sweet Maro's Muse, sunk in inglorious rest,
 " Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds:
 " The wits of modern time had told their beads,
 " And monkish legends been their only strains;
 " Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,
 " Our Shakespeare stroll'd and laugh'd with Warwick
 " " swains,
 " Ne had my master Spenser charm'd his Mulla's plains.

LIII.

- " Dumb too had been the sage Historic Muse,
 " And perish'd all the sons of ancient fame;
 " Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse
 " Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame,
 " Had all been lost with such as have no name.
 " Who then had scorn'd his ease for others' good?
 " Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame?
 " Who in the public breach devoted stood,
 " And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood?

LIV.

- " But should your hearts to fame unfeeling be,
 " If right I read, you pleasure all require:
 " Then hear how best may be obtain'd this fee,
 " How best enjoy'd this nature's wide desire.
 " Toil, and be glad! let Industry inspire
 " Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath!
 " Who does not act is dead; absorpt entire
 " In mazy sloth, no pride, no joy he hath:
 " O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death!

LV.

- " Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
 " When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
 " How tasteless then whatever can be given?
 " Health is the vital principle of bliss,
 " And exercise of health. In proof of this,
 " Behold the wretch, who flugs his life away,
 " Soon swallow'd in disease's sad abyss;
 " While he whom toil has brac'd, or manly play,
 " Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as

LVI.

[day.

- " O, who can speak the vigorous joy of health!
 " Unlogg'd the body, unobscur'd the mind:
 " The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,
 " The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
 " In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.
 " See! how the younglings frisk along the meads,
 " As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind;
 " Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds:
 " Yet what but high-strung health this dancing plea-
 " saunce breeds?

LVII.

- " But here, instead, is foster'd every ill,
 " Which or distemper'd minds or bodies know,
 " Come then, my kindred spirits! do not spill
 " Your talents here. This place is but a shew;
 " Whose charms delude you to the den of woe:
 " Come, follow me, I will direct you right,
 " Where pleasure's roses, void of serpents, grow,
 " Sincere as sweet; come, follow this good knight,
 " And you will bless the day that brought him to your

LVIII.

[fight.

- " Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps;
 " To senates some, and public sage debates,
 " Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight-lamps,
 " The world is pois'd, and manag'd mighty states;
 " To high discovery some, that new-creates
 " The face of earth; some to the thriving mart;
 " Some to the rural reign, and softer fates;
 " To the sweet Muses some, who raise the heart;
 " All glory shall be yours, all nature, and all art.

LIX.

- " There are, I see, who listen to my lay,
 " Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair,
 " All may be done, (methinks I hear them say)
 " Ev'n death despis'd by generous actions fair;
 " All, but for those who to these bowers repair,
 " Their every power dissolv'd in luxury,
 " To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,
 " And from the powerful arms of sloth get free.
 " 'Tis rising from the dead—Alas!—It cannot be!

LX. " Would

LXI.

- " Would you then learn to dissipate the band
 " Of these huge threatening difficulties dire,
 " That in the weak man's way like lions stand,
 " His soul appall, and damp his rising fire?
 " Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire,
 " Exert that noblest privilege, alone,
 " Here to mankind indulg'd: control desire:
 " Let godlike Reason, from her sov'reign throne,
 " Speak the commanding word—*I will*—and it is done.

LXI.

- " Heavens! can you then thus waste, in shameful wife,
 " Your few important days of trial here?
 " Heirs of eternity! yborn to rise
 " Through endless states of being, still more near
 " To bliss approaching, and perfection clear,
 " Can you renounce a fortune so sublime,
 " Such glorious hopes, your backward steps to steer.
 " And roll, with vilest brutes, thro' mud and slime?
 " No! no!—Your heaven-touch'd heart disdains the

LXII.

[fordid crime!"]

- (" Enough! enough!" they cry'd—strait from the
 The better sort on wings of transport fly: [crowd,
 As when amid the lifeless summits proud
 Of Alpine cliffs, where to the gelid sky
 Snows pil'd on snows in wintry torpor lie,
 The rays divine of vernal Phœbus play;
 Th' awaken'd heaps, in streamlets from on high,
 Rouz'd into action, lively leap away, [gay.
 Glad warbling through the vales, in their new being

LXIII.

Not less the life, the vivid joy serene,
 That lighted up these new-created men,
 That that which wings th' exulting spirit clean,
 When, just deliver'd from his fleshly den,
 It soaring seeks its native skies agen:
 How light its essence! how unclogg'd its powers,
 Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen!
 Ev'n so we glad forsook these sinful bowers,
 Ev'n such enraptur'd life, such energy was ours.

LXIV.

But far the greater part, with rage inflam'd,
 Dire-mutter'd curses, and blasphem'd high Jove.
 "Ye sons of hate! (they bitterly exclaim'd)
 "What brought you to this seat of peace and love?
 "While with kind nature, here amid the grove,
 "We pass'd the harmless sabbath of our time,
 "What to disturb it could, fell men, remove
 "Your barbarous hearts? Is happiness a crime?
 "Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon heaven sublime."

LXV.

"Ye impious wretches," (quoth the knight in wrath)
 "Your happiness behold!"—Then strait a wand
 He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath,
 Truth from illusive falsehood to command.
 Sudden the landkip sinks on every hand;
 The pure quick streams are marshy puddles found;
 On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd stand;
 And, o'er the weedy foul abhorred ground,
 Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature crawls
 around.

LXVI. And

LXVI.

And here and there, on trees by lightning scath'd,
 Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung;
 Or, in fresh gore and recent murder bath'd,
 They weltering lay; or else, infuriate flung
 Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung
 The funeral dirge, they down the torrent roll'd:
 These, by distemper'd blood to madness stung,
 Had doom'd themselves; whence oft, when night
 control'd

The world, returning hither their sad spirits howl'd.

LXVII.

Meantime a moving scene was open laid;
 That lazar-house, I whilom in my lay
 Depeinted have, its horrors deep-display'd,
 And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,
 Who tossing there in squalid misery lay.
 Soon as of sacred light th' unwonted smile
 Pour'd on these living catacombs its ray,
 Through the drear caverns stretching many a mile,
 The sick up-rai'd their heads, and dropp'd their woes

LXVIII.

[awhile.
 " O, heaven! (they cry'd) and do we once more see
 " Yon blessed sun, and this green earth so fair?
 " Are we from noisome damps of pest-house free?
 " And drink our souls the sweet ethereal air?
 " O, thou! or knight, or god! who holdest there
 " That fiend, oh, keep him in eternal chains!
 " But what for us, the children of despair,
 " Brought to the brink of hell, what hope remains?
 " Repentance does itself but aggravate our pains."

LXIX.

The gentle knight, who saw their rueful case,
 Let fall adown his silver beard some tears.
 " Certes (quoth he) it is not ev'n in grace,
 " T' undo the past, and eke your broken years :
 " Nathless, to nobler worlds repentance rears,
 " With humble hope, her eye; to her is given
 " A power the truly contrite heart that cheers;
 " She quells the brand by which the rocks are riven;
 " She more than merely softens, she rejoices Heaven.

LXX.

" Then patient bear the sufferings you have earn'd,
 " And by these sufferings purify the mind;
 " Let wisdom be by past misconduct learn'd;
 " Or pious die, with penitence resign'd;
 " And to a life more happy and refin'd,
 " Doubt not, you shall, new creatures, yet arise.
 " Till then, you may expect in me to find
 " One who will wipe your sorrow from your eyes,

" One who will soothe your pangs, and wing you to
 LXXI. [the skies.]

They silent hear'd, and pour'd their thanks in tears.

" For you (resum'd the knight, with sterner tone)

" Whose hard dry hearts th' obdurate demon sears,

" That villain's gifts will cost you many a groan ;

" In dolorous mansion long you must bemoan

" His fatal charms, and weep your stains away ;

" Till, soft and pure as infant goodness grown,

" You feel a perfect change : then, who can say,

" What grace may yet shine forth in heaven's eternal
 " day ?"

LXXII. This

LXXII.

This: said, his powerful wand he wav'd anew:
 Instant, a glorious angel-train descends,
 The Charities, to-wit, of rosy hue;
 Sweet love their looks a gentle radiance lends,
 And with seraphic flame compassion blends.
 At once, delighted, to their charge they fly:
 When, lo! a goodly hospital ascends;
 In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,
 That could the sick-bed smoothe of that sad company.

LXXIII.

It was a worthy edifying sight,
 And gives to human-kind peculiar grace,
 To see kind hands attending day and night,
 With tender ministry, from place to place.
 Some prop the head; some from the pallid face
 Wipe off the faint cold dews weak nature sheds;
 Some reach the healing draught: the whilst, to chase
 The fear supreme, around their soften'd beds,
 Some holy man by prayer all opening heaven dispreeds.

LXXIV.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,
 Of those he rescued had from gaping hell,
 Then turn'd the knight; and, to his hall again
 Soft-pacing, sought of peace the mossy cell:
 Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
 To see the helpless wretches that remain'd,
 There left through delves and deserts dire to yell;
 Amaz'd, their looks with pale dismay were stain'd,
 And spreading wide their hands they meek repentance
 feign'd.

LXXV. But,

LXIX.

The gentle knight, who saw their rueful case, he A,
 Let fall adown his silver beard some tears. *unquell'd*
 " Certes (quoth he) it is not ev'n in grace, *no*
 " T' undo the past, and eke your broken years : T
 " Nathless, to nobler worlds repentance rears, *and*
 " With humble hope, her eye ; to her is given T
 " A power the truly contrite heart that cheers ; d T
 " She quells the brand by which the rocks are riven ;
 " She more than merely softens, she rejoices Heaven.

LXX.

Then patient bear the sufferings you have earn'd,
 And by these sufferings purify the mind ; *and*
 Let wisdom be by past misconduct learn'd : *and*
 Or pious die, with penitence resign'd ; *and*
 And to a life more happy and refin'd, *and*
 Doubt not, you shall, new creatures, yet arise.
 Till then, you may expect in me to find *and*
 One who will wipe your sorrow from your eyes,

One who will soothe your pangs, and wing you to

LXXI.

the skies
 They silent hear'd, and pour'd their thanks in tears.

For you (resum'd the knight, with sterner tone)

Whose hard dry hearts th' obdurate demon sears,

That villain's gifts will cost you many a groan ;

In dolorous mansion long you must bemoan

His fatal charms, and weep your stains away ;

Till, soft and pure as infant goodness grown,

You feel a perfect change : then, who can say,

What grace may yet shine forth in heaven's eternal

day ?

LXXII. This

LXXII.

This said, his powerful wand he wav'd anew :
 Instant, a glorious angel-train descends,
 The Charities, to-wit, of rosy hue,
 Sweet love their looks a gentle radiance lends,
 And with seraphic flame compassion blends.
 At once, delighted, to their charge they fly :
 When, lo ! a goodly hospital ascends ;
 In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,
 That could the sick-bed smoothe of that sad company.

LXXIII.

It was a worthy edifying sight,
 And gives to human-kind peculiar grace,
 To see kind hands attending day and night,
 With tender ministry, from place to place.
 Some prop the head ; some from the pallid face
 Wipe off the faint cold dews weak nature sheds ;
 Some reach the healing draught : the whilst, to chase
 The fear supreme, around their soften'd beds,
 Some holy man by prayer all opening heaven disparts.

LXXIV.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,
 Of those he rescued had from gaping hell,
 Then turn'd the knight ; and, to his hall again
 Soft-pacing, sought of peace the mossy cell :
 Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
 To see the helpless wretches that remain'd,
 There left through delves and deserts dire to yell ;
 Amaz'd, their looks with pale dismay were stain'd,
 And spreading wide their hands they meek repentance
 feign'd.

LXXV. But,

LXXV.

But, ah ! their scorn'd day of grace was past :
 For (horrible to tell !) a desert wild
 Before them stretch'd, bare, comfortless, and vast ;
 With gibbets, bones, and carcases defil'd :
 There nor trim field, nor lively culture smil'd ;
 Nor waving shade was seen, nor fountain fair ;
 But sands abrupt on sands lay loosely pil'd, [oare,
 Through which they floundering toil'd with painful
 Whilst Phœbus smote them fore, and fir'd the cloudless

LXXVI.

[air.

Then, varying to a joyless land of bogs,
 The sadden'd country a grey waste appear'd ;
 Where nought but putrid steams and noisome fogs
 For ever hung on drizzly Auster's beard ;
 Or else the ground by piercing Caurus fear'd,
 Was jagg'd with frost, or heap'd with glazed snow :
 Through these extremes a ceaseless round they steer'd,
 By cruel fiends still hurry'd to and fro,
 Gaunt Beggary, and Scorn, with many hell-hounds moe.

LXXVII.

The first was with base dunghill rags yelad,
 Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light ;
 Of morbid hue his features, sunk, and sad ;
 His hollow eyne shook forth a sickly light ;
 And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,
 His black rough beard was matted rank and vile ;
 Direful to see ! an heart-appalling sight !
 Meantime foul scurf and blotches him defile ;
 And dogs, where'er he went, still barked all the while.

LXXVIII. The

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

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LXXVIII.

The other was a fell despoightful fiend :
 Hell holds none worse in baleful bower below :
 By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour, keen'd ;
 Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe :
 With nose up-turn'd, he always made a shew
 As if he smelt some nauseous scent ; his eye
 Was cold, and keen, like blast from boreal snow ;
 And taunts he casten forth most bitterly.
 Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly fry.

LXXIX.

Ev'n so through Brentford town, a town of mud,
 An herd of brisly swine is prick'd along ;
 The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,
 Still grunt, and squeak, and sing their troublous song,
 And oft they plunge themselves the mire among :
 But ay the ruthless driver goads them on,
 And ay of barking dogs the bitter throng
 Makes them renew their unmelodious moan ;
 Ne ever find they rest from their unresting fone.

To

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE
[52]
LXXI
To Mr. THOMSON,

On his unfinished Plan of a Poem, called the CASTLE
OF INDOLENCE, in Spenser's Style.

By Dr. MORELL.

I.

AS when the silk-worm, erst the tender care
Of Syrian maidens, 'gins for to unfold
From his sleek sides, that now much sleeker are
The glossy treasure, and soft threads of gold;
In various turns, and many a winding fold,
He spins his web, and as he spins decays;
Till, within circles infinite enroll'd,
He rests supine, imprison'd in the maze,
The which himself did make, the gathering of his days.

II.

So thou, they say, from thy prolific brain,
A castle, hight of indolence, didst raise;
Where listless sprites, withouten care or pain,
In idle pleasure spend their jocund days,
Nor heed rewardful toil, nor seek praise.
Thither thou didst repair in luckless hour;
And lulled with thine own enchanting lays,
Didst lie adown, entranced in the bower,
The which thyself didst make, the gathering of thy power.

III. But

III.

But Venus, suffering not her favourite worm
For aye to sleepen in his silky tomb,
Instructs him to throw off his pristine form,
And the gay features of a fly assume;
When, lo! effoons from the surrounding gloom,
He vigorous breaks, forth issuing from the wound
His horny beak had made, and finding room,
On new-plum'd pinions flutters all around,
And buzzing speaks his joy in most expressive sound.

IV.

So may the God of Science and of Wit,
With pitying eye ken thee his darling son;
Shake from thy fatty sides the slumberous fit,
In which, alas! thou art so woe begun!
Or with his pointed arrows goad thee on;
Till thou refeelest life in all thy veins;
And, on the wings of Resolution,
Like thine own hero dight, fliest o'er the plains,
Chaunting his peerless praise in never-dying strains.

III.

But Venus, suffering not her favourite worm
For ever to sleep in his slumber,
Instructs him to throw off his pigmy form,
And the way features of a hyacinth;
When, in a clime from the surrounding flood,
The vigorous ocean, to the rising from the wound,
His hairy back had made, and hiding from
On new-planted hyacinths all around,
And darting speaks his joy in most expressive sound.

IV.

So may the God of Science and of Wit,
With purging eye have seen the shining light;
Shake from thy hairy skin the pigmy skin,
In which, alas! thou art so wont to dwell;
Or with his countenance look on;
Till thou reflect the light of heaven;
And, on the wings of Knowledge,
Like those own birds of light, rise over the plain;
Changing his pigmy bulk in never-ending flight.

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